

THE COMING PEACE — AN EXPERT PREVIEW
BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

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NOVEMBER 1940

The American Mercury



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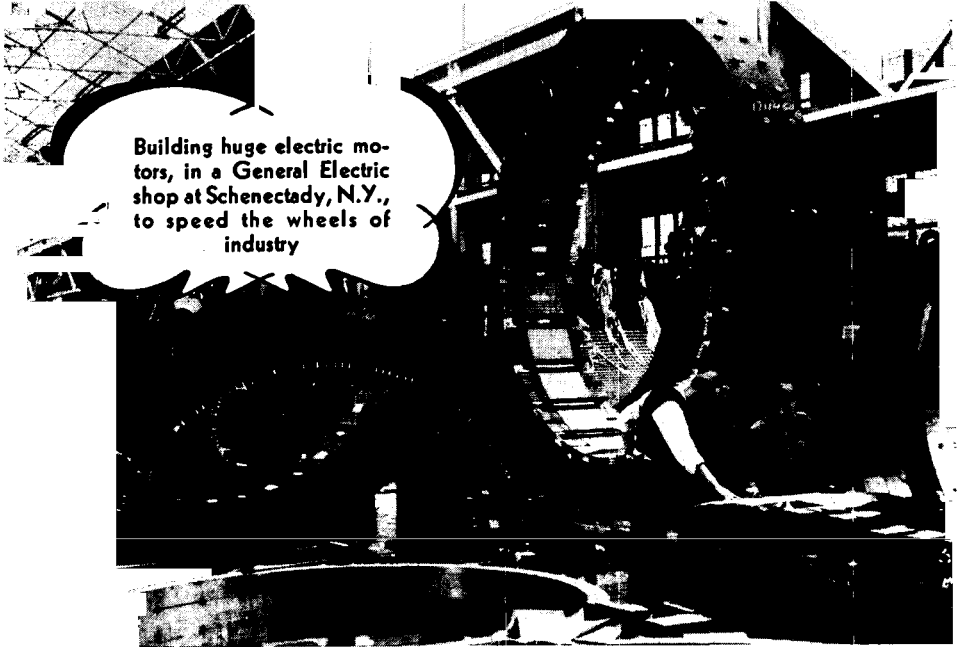
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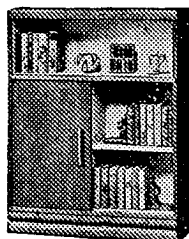
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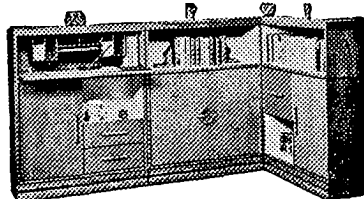
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THE COMING PEACE

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

IT seems incongruous to think of peace when the mighty duel between Germany and Great Britain is reaching a frenzied crescendo, when mass murder and arson are attaining new heights of perfection, when a horribly perverted use of science is destroying the monuments of the civilization that made science possible. Yet some day, near or distant, the forces of destruction will have spent themselves. The last bomb will have crashed, the last torpedo will have been fired. Peace of some sort there will be, even though it may represent only a temporary lull in the fever, even though it may be a peace of famine and disease, of moral and physical exhaustion, a peace of the graveyard.

Three broad types of peace — or

absence of war — seem possible from the present vantage point in time, and two additional variants cannot be excluded. Which of these five alternatives will prevail is a question profoundly important for the temper and quality of future civilization. What will Europe look like under each of these hypotheses? Highly speculative though the answers must be, it is worth while to sketch them out tentatively.

I

If Germany wins. Suppose that Hitler succeeds in striking the British Empire at its heart, in planting the swastika on the smoking ruins of London, in overrunning the British Isles. This, I believe, would constitute a final

German victory so far as the Battle of Europe is concerned.

Whatever might become of the British Government or the British Navy, Germany would be insured by the width of the Atlantic against any further direct prosecution of the struggle, except by means of blockade and nonintercourse. Even should interventionist sentiment in America rise to the point of stimulating a formal declaration of war, Germany would have little to fear in a military sense for many years. Nowhere in Europe could expeditionary forces readily land. Even if the progress of aviation should make transatlantic bombing expeditions feasible, such raids would be more spectacular than decisive. For America to wrest Europe from Hitler, as for Hitler to conquer America, a combined overwhelming superiority in land, sea and air power would be required. Germany now possesses a wide margin of advantage in land and air power, America in sea power. Many years would certainly have to elapse before either could equip a sea-and-air armada capable of attacking the other across the ocean with any prospect of success.

Meanwhile Germany would be free to set about the reconstruction of Europe in its own way. The

military state socialism, with limited profit incentive for the employer and a sop of organized social benefits for the worker, which has been set up in Germany would be extended by conquest to the whole continent. A central authority in Berlin would command France to concentrate on agriculture, Norway on fisheries, Rumania on oil and wheat, Czechoslovakia on glass and textiles. A right objective, the economic unification of Europe, would be achieved by terribly wrong means.

Should the United States decide to cooperate with a fugitive British government in Canada in enforcing a blockade of Germany, the Third Reich would be barred from access to the foodstuffs and raw materials of the Americas. Europe is economically a lopsided continent; a considerable part of its population has always lived directly or indirectly on the proceeds of trade and investment in overseas countries. But a Germany in control of the continent would be, in a pinch, a viable economic unit. And it could obtain from Asia and Africa, which would lie open to forceful German and Italian penetration if England should fall, almost everything that it might lack as a result of the severance of communication with America. Hitler's

theory of the Germans as a master race, destined by Providence to rule the lesser breeds, would receive widespread application. Europe would become, in effect, a vast German colony.

Indirect rule is favored by many colonial administrators; and Hitler would not, one imagines, incorporate his conquests bodily into the Third Reich, except for regions where a stretch of the racial idea would be invoked to justify annexation. Alsace and Lorraine would be taken, along with the Maginot Line, now as useless as a row of pyramids. Luxemburg also seems destined for annexation and there are several indications of a German effort to carve up France, so as to make any idea of a war of revenge impracticable. Some of the provinces of northeastern France might be fused in a single state with Belgium and the Netherlands. And the strict separation of occupied from unoccupied France, together with the encouragement of the autonomist movement in Brittany may be the prelude to an effort to parcelize France into small units, just as France vainly endeavored to promote separatism in the Rhineland and Bavaria after the first World War.

A complete German victory would mean a day of reckoning for

the Soviet Union. Stalin would pay the penalty for his perhaps too cunning policy of promoting the outbreak of a war from which he remained aloof. Left alone in Europe to confront Hitler, he would face the alternative of vassalage or war. And Soviet prospects of victory in a war against Germany can be fairly accurately estimated if one compares the German sweep in Poland, Norway and France with Stalin's miscarried *Blitzkrieg* against Finland. German domination of the Soviet Union, however achieved, would be followed by a massive penetration into Russia of German engineers, technicians, farm managers and agricultural experts. Backed by the combined terror of the Gestapo and the Gay-Pay-Oo, they would put the Russian masses efficiently and purposefully to work. Russian production figures would experience a genuine instead of a paper rise and Germany would possess what she has always needed: a vast colonial empire, not dependent on the mastery of the seas, which could be turned into a reservoir of foodstuffs and raw materials for German industries.

I can imagine the gusto with which Hitler's "master race" would go about its mission in Russia. During Russia's famine winter of

1932-33 a German agricultural concession in the Kuban region of southeastern Russia was an oasis of orderly, efficient production in a desert of chaotic starvation. As soon as one passed the boundary of the concession overgrown weed patches gave way to normally cultivated fields. "So müssen sie stehen, wie Preussische Grenadiere," rapped out the Herr Direktor of the concession, pointing to his erect rows of sunflower plants, as contrasted with the dismal disorder in the state farm fields just across the road. His contempt for the Russians was boundless and he was still exploding with wrath over the fact that a Russian had addressed him as *Tovarisch*. "Ich bin kein *Tovarisch*; ich bin der Herr Direktor," he thundered.

The Russian workers on the concession took the domineering of this representative of German Kultur because they knew how many peasants were dying of starvation on the neighboring collective farms. But they did not like being bossed by an alien who obviously despised them; and the Russians today would not take kindly to German dictatorship. One wonders, however, whether they would or could offer any effective resistance. The Gay-Pay-Oo has got them used to a good

many things which they don't like. And twenty years and more of terrorist dictatorship have pretty well liquidated the natural rebels who led the popular peasant revolt against German rule in Ukraina in 1918.

There would be order, of course, in a Europe where German will was law. There would be big public works and wide automobile roads and huge public demonstrations where no one would march out of step. It would be as efficient and as destitute of cultural and humane values as an undertaking establishment.

II

If England wins. German victory is obviously more probable at the end of a short, British at the end of a long war. Personally I do not believe that a clearcut British victory is possible at all unless America enters the conflict and places all its human and material resources at England's disposal. England alone, with the American help which it is now receiving, may stand off the German attacks and discourage or thwart a German invasion. But it is very doubtful whether England, on this basis, can obtain the trained manpower and the overwhelming superiority in airplanes, tanks and

other munitions which would be required for an attempt to break Hitler's grip on the continent. The best that England can expect for the immediate future is a prolonged stalemate, in which the blockade, plus the activities of the RAF, can gradually begin to inflict more permanent and decisive suffering in Germany than German airplanes and submarines are inflicting on England. This prospect can only be realized slowly. The effectiveness of a blockade against a whole continent is bound to be limited, especially as it is safe to assume that the Germans will be the last people in Europe to starve, whether in their stomachs or in their factories.

The best, probably the only chance of a British victory is a change of the American decision not to enter the war as a belligerent. Powerful forces, emotional and economic, are pushing America in this direction. At the same time the whole economic set-up in the United States is being geared to an enormous armament program. Any suggestion of an early peace is a bear symptom for the stock market which is the barometer of the hopes and fears of the American business world. A combination of sentimental and economic forces brought America into World War I. A

similar combination, reinforced by a more acute sense of imminent peril, may make America a belligerent in World War II. Whether America's hour of decision will come soon enough to save the British Isles is anyone's guess. And unless the British Isles are saved, there can be no Anglo-American victory on a world scale. A British government may set itself up in Ottawa. Australia and New Zealand, along with Canada, may seek the shelter of some kind of federal union with the United States. The New World, by way of blockade and nonintercourse, might drift into a state of war with the Old. But it is hard to see how such a war could lead to any decisive conclusion. What would happen to the vast majority of the British people who could not escape to Canada, in the event of an American blockade of Europe, is pretty terrible to contemplate, even in a world that has become all too calloused to horror. Hitler, one may predict, would not take any pains to feed them.

Suppose, however, that the line of the RAF and the British Navy holds, that Great Britain remains impregnable against invasion and that Germany is finally battered into collapse and submission by an ever-increasing preponderance of British and American air

and sea power. The new map of Europe which would be drawn after the war would perhaps not be very different from the one which was traced at Versailles. Hitler's conquests would melt away like Napoleon's. But, although the frontier lines might look reasonably familiar, there would be profound changes in the real underlying forces of European politics. England could no longer rely exclusively on such mild instruments as gold and sea power to insure a comfortable predominance in the world. The last decade has witnessed a merciless war of steel against gold. The wealthier powers have been attacked by the lean wolves who simply refused to abide by the Adam Smith rules of the game and reduced the power of gold by destroying freedom of economic life, nationalizing, in one form or another, their foreign trade, establishing state control over their financial systems and over much of their industrial production.

No longer can Englishmen, like their ancestors in the time of Napoleon, go about their normal business, secure behind the "wooden walls" of their ships, with only an occasional scurry for security into the militia when Napoleon was reported massing troops at Boulogne.

For Napoleon could not fly over London to supervise his work of destruction as Goering is recently reported to have done. The stability of a peace based on Anglo-American world hegemony could only rest on a permanent decisive superiority of air and naval strength of the victorious powers over any possible combination of the totalitarians. The interval between the two World Wars has shown the emptiness of "sovereignty" when not backed up by force. The fate of the tiny Versailles states is proof, as H. N. Brailsford, the English liberal, put it recently in an *AMERICAN MERCURY* article, that "sovereign independence is a function of military and industrial power." However the war may end, Mr. Brailsford wrote, "nothing is certain save that it cannot restore the conception of sovereign, national independence as the nineteenth century understood it," and his article was titled, significantly, "The End of Small Nations."

France and the smaller European states which have been overrun by Hitler would be restored within their traditional frontiers, with perhaps the long-coveted Rhine frontier for France. But they would have no choice except to enter the British political sphere of

influence, to follow the leadership of London in foreign affairs. The British yoke would certainly be milder than the German; the appearances of national independence would be better preserved. But we are now in an era of naked power-politics in which ruthlessness is a condition of survival.

III

If Stalin wins. This hypothesis deserves more attention, I think, than it has received. The first objective of Stalin's diplomacy was to precipitate Europe into a war from which he would remain aloof. From such a war he could expect both immediate and more distant advantages. While Germany, France and England were absorbed in fighting each other he could take without opposition almost all the territory which he desired in eastern and southeastern Europe. Just as the war of 1914-1918 led to a crisis of misery and despair that made the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia possible, so a new war might achieve what all the hired men of the Communist International had pathetically failed to accomplish and spread social revolution to the Rhine, perhaps to the Atlantic. Not that Stalin today can be considered a very fiery apostle of social

revolution. He has probably killed more honest revolutionaries in Russia, in Spain, wherever his Gay-Pay-Oo gangsters are able to function, than either of his fellow-dictators, Hitler and Mussolini. But social revolution, like old-fashioned Russian imperialism or Pan-Slavism, is to him a good instrument if it extends the boundaries of his empire.

Stationed in Paris during the summer of 1939 I could see Stalin playing with the naïve and clumsy British and French diplomats like a skillful angler with a hooked fish. The stupid British guaranty to Poland played excellently into Stalin's hands. It drove Hitler to accept the idea of the Soviet-German understanding which Stalin had desired for years. The later Anglo-French negotiations in Moscow, ending with the despatch of military missions to the Soviet capital, were utilized by Stalin to bring on Hitler the necessary pressure for the signature of the Soviet-German Pact. This pact has paid Stalin good flesh-and-blood dividends. Almost without firing a shot he has acquired some twenty-five million new subjects. Had it not been for the disastrous lapse of the war with Finland, Stalin's policy during the first year of the war could be considered an historical

masterpiece of winning by default, of taking advantage of other peoples' wars.

To be sure, when France fell with such spectacular speed last June, Stalin probably realized that he had committed a miscalculation in placing the propaganda services of his International at the disposal of Hitler. (There has not been a recorded whisper of anti-war agitation by the German communists. The French communists, on the other hand, the loudest war-mongers until the actual beginning of hostilities, played an important part in disorganizing the French rear. They encouraged sabotage and slacking in munitions factories, their illegal presses poured out a torrent of defeatist literature, they started whispering anti-war campaigns among the workers and among the poorer classes generally.)

Stalin would have no reason to welcome the prospect of a Europe under Hitler's heel. But he can still nurse the hope that Germany and England will fight themselves into the state of exhaustion and all-around collapse which would be, for the Soviet dictator, the desired end of the war. With means of destruction being constantly ingeniously multiplied by both sides, who can say that the elastic limits of human endurance may not be

reached and passed? Both Germany and England may crack up morally and psychologically, as Russia cracked in 1917, as France and Italy very nearly cracked at the same time, as France cracked more recently.

One cannot imagine a better preparation for Bolshevism than the universal misery, dislocation, downright hunger that have overtaken some of the most civilized European countries. During my personal retreat from France I was struck again and again by something familiar in the scenes of suffering and utter disorganization on every hand. There was something positively reminiscent about towns where people were sleeping in hordes in railway stations for lack of other shelter, where the same hordes made it impossible to get on a train, where restaurants were so jammed that one could scarcely get a meal, even when food was available. It was all profoundly suggestive of the Russia which I had left in 1934. It had taken one of the greatest disasters in its history to bring France down to something like the normal Soviet way of life. And I recalled the remark of one of the wittiest foreigners in Moscow, conveyed to me by grapevine telegraph: "There's one thing the communists may gain

from this war. They may drag all of us down to their own appalling level."

Stalin may win all Europe by default, as he has already won Latvia, Esthonia, Lithuania, Eastern Poland, Bessarabia, Bukovina. If Germany breaks down, if England is too weak and too tired to establish European order, if America declines the job of salvaging a derelict continent, then Stalinism may extend its sway indefinitely. The civilized remnants in the various countries would then be liquidated or would die out, except for a few who might be lucky enough to escape to America. Asia would march westward, obliterating such traces of European culture and civilization as the war might have spared. All the brutality of Naziism would prevail, but with a much lower level of efficiency. In Paris and Rome, as in Moscow or Kiev today, the mental activity of the average citizen would be limited to wondering where he could hope to find a shoddy shirt or a leaky pair of shoes. Europe would become a truly dark continent for an indefinite period of time.

IV

The list of patterns for the future peace, which, incidentally, may

bring with it little security or tranquility, is not exhausted with the three flat possibilities of a German, an Anglo-American and a Stalinist victory. One must also reckon with the hypothesis of an end in sheer chaos, quite without purposeful direction. There have been such breakdowns in the history of civilization. The Dark Ages after the fall of the Roman Empire, the Troubled Times in Russia at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the periods of confused revolt that often marked the fall of old dynasties and the rise of new ones in China are examples.

Finally there is a possibility, although a faint one, of a negotiated peace. Germany may become convinced that it cannot invade England successfully. England may lose hope of overthrowing the German domination of the continent. Should these discouragements occur simultaneously the groundwork of a compromise might be laid. However, this is perhaps the least probable ending of the war. So bitter are the passions which have been aroused, so uncompromising the issues at stake that no cessation of the struggle seems likely until one or both combatants, in the expressive language of American gangsterdom, have been "bumped off."

The character of twentieth cen-

tury civilization will be greatly affected by the character of the peace. Yet some important features of the postwar world are already pretty clearly defined. There will be an end, in fact if not in name, of the sovereignty of the small nations. Science has made it impossible for the little country to defend its liberty. The machine age of mass production has made their customs frontiers an outdated anachronism. Six nations are still in the running in the merciless race for world mastery: the United States, the British Empire, Germany, the Soviet Union, Japan and Italy. When the war is over the victors, whoever they may be, will be ruling, directly or indirectly, far larger units of space than existed in the past.

There will be greater state control of all phases of human activity. Governments cannot build up immense war machines without retaining expanded peacetime powers. The total war of the present time must leave its imprint on the postwar social and economic order, even if victory remains in the anti-totalitarian camp. The ultimate demobilization both of manpower and of industry is only one of many

problems which will present colossal difficulties and certainly cannot be left to private initiative. If a popular slogan in America in the optimistic days before World War I was: "The cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy," the probable slogan of the future will be: "The cure for the evils of state control is more state control."

The postwar age will be hard-boiled. Born, as it will be, of a frightful duel, fought out with lethal weapons of the most destructive and nerve-shattering type, it will be a rough era, with little benefit of humanist values. When I left Russia I summed up my impressions in a book which I called *Russia's Iron Age*. Now, unfortunately, many things which ten years ago would have been entirely or largely characteristic of the Soviet Union alone have become typical of almost all Europe. One could travel today from Moscow to Madrid and find almost everywhere the same dreary picture of the double starvation of the mind and the body. Russia's Iron Age has become Europe's Iron Age. Before the last shot of the present war has been fired it may well have become the World's Iron Age.



► *An unorthodox teacher offers some timely advice to college students.*

WHAT EVERY FRESHMAN SHOULD KNOW

BY ROGER W. HOLMES

I NEVER face a class without wondering what would happen if students were not so docile. Why do you meet your professors and the academic taradiddle of college with such fear and respect? You are everywhere in chains because you accept a tradition about college work which at cost to you misrepresents its values and overestimates its importance. You remind me of the elephant chained to his stake at the circus. If the poor devil knew his own strength! And if you and your classmates but knew *yours!* The good things that might happen to our colleges if you would take matters into your own hands and pull up a few of the rotted stakes of academic tradition are worth dreaming about. Consider some confidential advice from one who would like to see you gain your freedom, who knows the weaknesses of academic life from the inside, and can give a few pointers on how to pull at those stakes.

One of the first things you are told is that you must study hard.

But that is only half of the story. The other half is that beyond a certain point which is easily reached, the more you work the poorer the results. In my particular college you would be supposed to devote not more than fifteen hours a week to classes and another thirty to outside assignments. That means that you should be able to escape academic duties for one whole day each week and to take either the afternoon or the evening off almost every day. Work hard when you work. Mornings are the best times. But never work through both afternoon and evening. And take off part of Saturday and most of Sunday. Use three afternoons for exercise in the open air and three evenings for movies or concerts or plays or for that novel you want to read. Your college work will benefit.

You will be told that classes are the most important thing at college. Don't believe it. President Eliot of Harvard said that if he wished to found a college the first thing he would build would be a

dormitory. If there were money left over, he would erect a library and fill it with books. And if he had money to burn he would hire a faculty and build a classroom building. Those of us who are willing to remember find it easy to recollect that the most valuable things that happened to us in college usually happened in our dormitories, and most of them after midnight. We also recall with considerable pleasure the few occasions when we had the time and audacity to enter the college library and just browse among books utterly unconnected with our courses. Somehow we remember those books. We read them not because we had to, but because we wanted to. The difference is tremendous.

You will be told that marks are important. But they are a meager indication of a student's worth. Someday we shall have the courage to scuttle the whole marking system, and with it, I hope, will go that awful and meaningless sheepskin. Marks provide the outward and visible sign of the whole academic tradition. I wish every college student might come behind the scenes and watch his instructors doling out grades on papers and bluebooks. We have such curious foibles. The odds are definitely in favor of a paper read after rather

than before dinner. A typewritten paper stands a better chance than one in longhand. And that factor of length! I know one student who got himself an A by sandwiching a dozen pages of economics notes into a long term-paper on Beethoven. It is a matter of record that given the same set of papers twice we will grade them differently. Given the same paper, moreover, various teachers will assign it grades ranging from D to A, even in mathematics. Some departments give as many as 40 per cent of their students A's, while others in the same institution allow only 5 per cent of the same students to get the highest marks.

You have probably been told that your academic record as an undergraduate will make or break your life. That simply is not so. Are you going into teaching? There is not a college president worth his salt who does not know that a Phi Beta Kappa key is small indication of your promise as a teacher. Are you going to professional school? Countless men and women with average grades as undergraduates have done brilliantly in professional school. And in getting jobs, it is what they have been able to do in professional school that counts. Are you going to seek work as soon as you finish

college? Letters of recommendation these days cover numerous items which have nothing to do with your academic achievement but are just as important. It would not be true to say that marks mean nothing, but if you will remember these facts every time you enter a classroom you will be on the right track.

II

Your professors form part of the academic taradiddle too. We stand on little raised platforms, the academic equivalents of the pedestal; we call ourselves "doctors" and smile with patient condescension when mistaken for medical men; we put high-sounding letters after our names; and we march in academic processions, clothed in magnificent medieval costumes. All in all we manage by such devices to convey the impression that we know what we are talking about. To be sure, we are not as pompous as some of our European colleagues in crime. Some of us even have the courage to sit on the same level and at the same seminar table with our students and listen to what they have to say. But it is not difficult to get the impression that your professors are founts of wisdom.

You will be told to take careful

notes on their lectures and to commit those notes to memory. This whole business of note-taking is outmoded. Students started taking notes in the Middle Ages, before the printing press was invented. The student wrote his own books. Today, with large college libraries and with textbooks crowding and jostling one another for attention, the taking of notes is anachronistic. What you will do, if you are like the rest of the sheep, will be to produce pages and pages of notes, study them religiously for the examinations, then store them away. If you ever look at them again it will be simply to realize that the information they convey is far better presented in at least a dozen books immediately available, or that it is so thoroughly out of date that the notes are useless.

One of the major instruments of torture in collegiate education is the course examination. By this device the professor is enabled to discover how much of what he has said in class you have committed to memory. The night before the examination you cram the notes into your head. Next morning you enter a room heavy with the atmosphere of suspicion. You leave all notes and books in the hall, and you write on questions the answers to which you will have forgotten

within a week, answers which in ordinary life no one in his right mind would ask you to remember because the information is available in the reference books where it belongs. Either you are working under the honor system, an unwitting accessory to the hocus-pocus, or you are annoyed and upset by a proctor who marches around among the desks looking for trouble. The more you understand why you are in college, the less seriously you will take examinations. Some day you may even educate us to the point where we will compose tests which will measure your ability to use your knowledge with originality, rather than your ability to ape teacher. When that day arrives we shall let you bring notes, texts and even the *Encyclopedia Britannica* to examinations. And then you may take examinations seriously.

Now that you are in college and going to classes, pause long enough to ask yourself why *we* are teaching and *you* are learning. In spite of what you may have heard from us or your high school teachers or your parents, the answer is not that we know the final answers to the problems we are discussing. We are teaching because we have studied carefully subjects in which you are a beginner, and because we have had more

worldly experience than you. But neither of these facts makes us omniscient. If the truth be known, there are those of you in our classes who are more intelligent than we are — who will outstrip us in our chosen fields. Question us. Doubt us. Raise objections. Make us think! Avoid us when we measure your achievement in terms of the proximity of your thinking to our own. Welcome us when we admit that we do not know the answers to your questions, when we help you to find your own answers, when we encourage you to consider views with which we do not agree.

III

Why are you going to college? Not to enhance your parents' social position; not to get high marks; not to get the ultimate answers, which not even *we* can furnish. To use our own professional jargon, you come to college to get a liberal education. We must admit that we do not altogether know what a liberal education is, but we have some fairly good ideas on the subject. We do not entirely follow these ideas. None of us, for example, believes that there is a magic in piling up a certain number of hour-credits. Yet, sixty credits and you get your diploma.

And that diploma is supposed to admit you to the company of educated men and women. Why not fifty-five, or sixty-five? We do not know. Indeed if you pressed us we should have to admit that some students are liberally educated with thirty credits while others will not belong to the educated company if they take sixty times sixty hours of credit. Do not measure your education by simple arithmetic.

Elect your courses with care. If you go to a college which requires that you juggle five courses at once, you will do well to find one easy berth and sleep in it; otherwise you cannot do justice to the other four. This is a secret practice acceptable and accepted by all. But in general easy courses should be avoided simply because they are easy and do not give you your father's money's worth.

Do not select your courses with an eye to a specific job or type of occupation. More of you will make this mistake than not, and it is one of the most serious you can make.

In the first place, we know at least that a liberal education involves a balance and harmony of interests. Secondly, your interests and talents are by no means fully appreciated or explored when you come to us. You do not want to wake up in

your senior year and wish that you had not missed many important and interesting things. Thousands of seniors do.

When you come to college you are intellectually very young and have not yet learned to proceed safely or efficiently under your own intellectual power. You are what your environment and your elders have made you. Your ideas are not your own. The first thing you must learn is to stand on your own ideas. This is why you should not take us and our ideas too seriously. Broaden your horizon so that as you become more and more able to take care of yourself you will move intelligently. Do considerable mental visiting in your first years in college. Try to encounter the major points of view represented on the faculty and among the students. Entertain them the more seriously the more they differ from your own. You may return to your own, but if you do it will be with greater tolerance and broader understanding.

You come to college to gain a liberal perspective. In gaining this perspective you must come to know the nature which surrounds and compels you, the society with which you must live and cooperate, the creative spirit which is your heritage, and the tools of

language and of thought. To express it in this specific manner is helpful. It suggest certain intellectual virtues which you must possess before you can be considered an educated man or woman. This does not mean that there are particular courses which can alone provide you with these virtues. Do not take a course solely for its specific content.

For example, we have said that you must come to know the natural world. This does not mean that you must study physics *and* chemistry *and* astronomy *and* geology. It means that you must acquire the scientific attitude, understand the atmosphere and significance of the exact sciences, know their fundamental assumptions, their key concepts, their major contributions. And the same is true of the biological sciences. A course in botany *or* zoology *or* physiology *or* psychology is enough to give you an understanding of the important aspects of biology. You have not time for them all. But one is essential. Far too many are ignorant of the biological forces affecting human conduct. You should get into the laboratory while you are in college, and you should work in both the exact and the biological sciences.

You want also to know the

society with which you must live and cooperate. And one of the ways in which you want to know it is the historical. You must be historically minded. You must recognize the importance of the past for the present. Man learns by experience, and history is social experience. Greek, Roman, European, American history — you cannot study them all, *but* you can become historically minded. And you can become socially minded in your view of the present world. Economic, social and political forces have your world in their grips. You must study these forces, measure them, evaluate them.

Our heritage in the field of the arts has always been recognized as liberalizing. Not so much need to urge you here. Most of the greatest interpretation of human living is to be found in painting, sculpture, music and literature. What are some of the things which the great creative geniuses have told us about ourselves? What are modern artists trying to do? You must find out these things, not just that you may go to museums and concerts, but that you may *want* to go to museums and concerts. Elect some art or music, for pleasure, but also to increase your knowledge. Also, get a full and enthusiastic knowledge of the literature of your

mother tongue. You will have discovered a source of wisdom, good taste and pleasure. Such studies need no recommendation.

Finally, you must come to understand the tools of language and of thought. And here urging is necessary. You ought to know another language, ancient or modern, inflected or non-inflected, so well that you dream in it. Such knowledge gives a far better understanding of your own tongue, both as a tool and as an art, than you could otherwise obtain. And you will have open to you another literature. Furthermore, you should be conversant with the structures and powers of thought as an intellectual tool, and you should be willing to examine fundamental assumptions. Mathematics, logic and philosophy are helpful here. You may think them difficult, but do not avoid them altogether.

If you will examine this program for the enlarging of your intellectual horizon you will see that it involves some eight subjects spread throughout the departments of your college. It is a program which you can complete in your freshman and sophomore years and one which you should carry through in order that you may be equipped intellectually to proceed to the second part of your college edu-

cation. It will give you necessary breadth.

IV

But you must also specialize, when the foundation has been laid. You must do this not because specialization will prepare you for a specific job, but because a certain degree of specialization is the second essential of true intellectual endeavor. Without specialization your college work is in danger of becoming that thin veneer of "culture" which we all recognize as superficial. And now you will find the faculty more cooperative. We are specialists and we like to encourage specialization. But still be on your guard, for we shall mislead you by overemphasizing the importance of our particular little corners of learning. The important matter is not *what* you specialize in, but that you specialize. Specialization for its own sake, that is my point. If you are going on to graduate work you will find the overwhelming advice of graduate school faculties to be that you specialize in *anything but* your subject of graduate study. If you are going into medicine, you might major in history. If you will be a lawyer, major in art or music.

Even your specialization should

be carefully planned. In the first place, it will probably be advisable for you to do advanced work in each of the four major fields of study: natural science; social science; art and literature; and language, mathematics or philosophy. If you studied chemistry as a freshman, you might go on to more advanced chemistry and take elementary astronomy or geology as allied work. In short, in each major field in which you took two elementary courses as an underclassman, you should follow one elementary course into advanced work and at the same time gain some knowledge in an allied field.

But this will take only half of your time as an upperclassman. You should devote the other half of your last two years to intensive specialization in one subject in which you have the greatest interest and for which you have shown marked talent. Perhaps you have found history the most absorbing of subjects. Good! Go on in it. Devote half of your junior and senior years to history. Show that you can work intensively on the details of your chosen major, manipulate these details correctly, and fit them into a comprehensive picture of the whole. But remember — though your teachers will

work against you here — remember that you are studying primarily for the sake of the intensive specialization and not of the history. Your roommate is getting the same thing from majoring in mathematics or English literature.

When you have avoided the Sylla of heterogeneous meanderings among elementary facts and concepts and the Charybdis of a study so narrow that you are ignorant of what is going on outside your own little corner of interest, you will have intellectual balance and perspective. Do not take us as your models. We represent a specialized world and we are an academic people. You are going into a broader world and a non-academic environment. Make us realize that our interests and understandings should spread into every field. Make us see that our students are at least as important as the subjects we teach. Make us understand that marks and examinations are mere administrative conveniences to be taken far less seriously than we take them. In short, insist that we get together as a unified organization and provide you with a liberal education. Strength to you! If you will do these things you will be performing a service to us and to yourselves.

► *Success story, current model: from
cornetist to trade-union dictator.*

PETRILLO: MUSSOLINI OF MUSIC

BY GEOFFREY PARSONS, JR., AND ROBERT M. YODER

JAMES CAESAR PETRILLO was born in the slums of Chicago forty-eight years ago, the son of Italian immigrants. Now he draws salaries of \$46,000 a year, maintains offices in Chicago and New York, is a friend of the great and holds a public office on the side. Petrillo's story is pure Horatio Alger — with a modern twist.

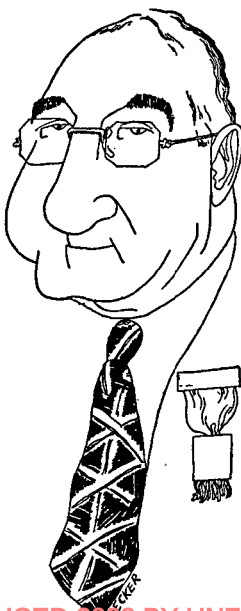
He is that most modern of Big Business tycoons, the head of a powerful labor union. He is the highest-paid labor leader, his pay exceeding the salaries of William Green and John L. Lewis combined. And he gets his money and his power from one of the gentler arts — music.

In seventeen years as president of the Chicago Federation of Musicians he made union history. His special abilities were recognized last June when he was elected national

president of the American Federation of Musicians. As autocrat of 750 union locals in the United States and Canada with a total membership of 158,000, Jimmy Petrillo controls almost all the music we hear. The celebrated dance orchestras, the musicians in the theatres and on the radio, are all union men. Those who make the music in Hollywood's pictures, the small-town saxophone player,

and the great conductors like Toscanini, Stokowski and Stock are all Petrillo's "boys." Whether Bach or the "Basin Street Blues," it is part of his domain.

For running Chicago Local No. 10, a mere 12,000-member affiliate of the parent Federation, Petrillo got a salary of \$26,000 a year. His promotion made him the most powerful man in music but meant a salary cut of \$6000. The Chicago



musicians saved Petrillo from this sacrifice. They asked him to remain head of Local No. 10. "Why the hell shouldn't a guy get paid for two jobs if he's doing two jobs?" asks Jimmy.

In addition to his town house he has a \$25,000 summer home in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, a gift from Local No. 10, which also provides the boss with a bullet-proof Lincoln car and a bodyguard and chauffeur. Further to relieve him of worry, the union pays the income tax on his Chicago salary. It irks Jimmy that the government calls that additional sum part of his income and taxes it also.

Jimmy agrees that the boys do well by him. All he says is that he does well by them, too. "I give the boys service," Petrillo says. Chicago employers have been known to complain that Jimmy does too well by his men. He has made Chicago a mecca for musicians. The Chicago local has set the standard for the country, winning closed-shop contracts, the dream of every union man, repeated wage increases and shortened hours. Combating the onslaught of the robot musicians — radio, phonograph and talking picture — Jimmy has been tough and ingenious in finding jobs for union men.

Appointed a Chicago park commissioner — an unsalaried job — in 1934, Jimmy spent \$53,000 of the union's own money to put on free concerts in Grant Park on the shore of Lake Michigan. The concerts drew 2,000,000 people. Their popularity was so great that the next year Petrillo was able to persuade the park board to appropriate \$65,000 of public funds for concerts. "The public pays to feed the animals in the zoo," he argued, "why can't they pay something to feed my boys?"

Band music in outlying parks and a nightly "Music Under the Stars" concert in Grant Park are now summer fixtures. The union engages top-notch soloists at its own expense, paying as much as \$3000 for a Jascha Heifetz or a Lily Pons. The Park Department's fund, now \$80,000, pays Petrillo's union boys — jobs every night in the slack season at \$10 a head. Some 4,000,000 people attended the 1940 concerts, many of which were broadcast. One night Lily Pons sang to an audience estimated at 270,000, perhaps the largest concert audience ever assembled.

Back in the 1930 congressional campaign, Republican sound trucks were using recorded music. Jimmy threatened to drive the Republicans off the radio unless they used

live musicians. During election campaigns truckloads of perspiring musicians still jounce through the streets of Chicago calling attention to candidate Whoozee, the People's Choice.

II

One of Petrillo's major struggles has been to hang onto the jobs left for musicians in theatres. The battle in the motion picture theatres has not been entirely successful, but Petrillo forces Chicago's legitimate theatres to hire a minimum of five union musicians every night they are open, whether they play or not. He also invented the "pancake turner" — a new kind of musician. You've heard him perform. When the radio began to use phonograph records on a wide scale, Petrillo served notice on Chicago stations that only union musicians would be permitted to put records on and take them off. Today there are forty-nine union pancake turners in Chicago.

Jimmy can detect what he calls an unfair invasion of his jurisdiction a mile off with the wind against him. A few years ago, when times were hard, he prohibited high school bands from appearing at Chicago's World's Fair. In the

same spirit, he told the late Mayor Anton Cermak, a fellow Democrat, that Cermak could not use the Senn High School band in a civic celebration. Cermak bowed to the Petrillo edict and hired fifty union musicians — paying for them, he said plaintively, out of his own pocket.

When Petrillo heard that five non-union musicians would appear before a convention in a Chicago hotel, he demanded that the interlopers be replaced with union men. The hotel manager explained that the musicians were star pupils playing for a convention of music teachers. This put a different light on the affair. They could play, Petrillo ruled. But the hotel must hire five union men to stand by. Petrillo feels the same way about radio amateur hours. Whether the performer is a housewife who plays the kettledrums or a four-year-old piccolo player, he makes the sponsors hire a union stand-by for each amateur. Petrillo showed the way; now the stand-by is standard in most cities.

One kind of music Petrillo can't bear to hear — free music. Posing for pictures after a sponsored radio broadcast, Alec Templeton, the pianist, struck a few chords. Tommy Dorsey joined in on the trombone. Petrillo sent the radio agency a

bill for \$33 overtime. For years musicians had relaxed after a night's work by dropping into some musicians' hangout, usually a frowsy little café, to play in "jam sessions." It was a frolic for the musicians, but the cafés were getting better music than they paid for, and capitalizing the fact. Out went a Petrillo command. The boys jammed no more.

Petrillo demands army discipline. In Chicago each of his men pays dues of \$16 a year and a tax based on his earnings — a stiff tax, to keep the treasury full. A per capita tax, bolstered by 3 per cent of the base pay of name dance bands when they are traveling, provides money for Petrillo's pay-check from the national federation. Members pay or they don't play.

Jimmy's iron rule even benefits employers in certain circumstances. He insists that his boys play their very best at all times. Employers all agree that Jimmy's word is good. His boys don't break contracts. Nor will he tolerate a musician who arrives drunk or late. On such occasions a word from the employer is enough to arouse the imperial anger. Jimmy will fine an errant musician, no matter how big. Once he wouldn't let a big-name band play until its leader paid a debt owed the Shuberts.

All orchestra bookings must clear through Petrillo's office. No orchestra would dare hold an extra rehearsal without Petrillo's authorization. Petrillo even decides whether a stringed-bass player may double on the xylophone. He runs the whole show; there is no Number 2 man in Local No. 10.

The Number 1 man is fond of baseball, beer and profanity, but his real love is his job and his power. He is a man of strong enthusiasms. In 1936 he was pro-Roosevelt. "I contributed \$8000 to his campaign," he says, meaning that the local did. "I threw anybody out of the union who said anything against Roosevelt. I wouldn't let a Landon button in the building." When the President came to Chicago a 300-piece union band headed the welcome.

Petrillo has also supported Mayor Kelly with flamboyant gestures. When he staged a rally in the Mayor's behalf, Jimmy called in Paul Whiteman, Charlie Agnew, Bob Crosby, Art Kassel, "Stuff" Smith, Fletcher Henderson, Henry Busse, Wayne King, Orin Tucker, Fred Waring, Jimmy Dorsey and Ina Ray Hutton — each with orchestra. Fifty-five thousand dancers trod one another's feet; windows shook for blocks. Petrillo, who made a speech during the

din, has a photograph of the affair entitled, "The World's Greatest Dance, Given for Chicago's Greatest Mayor."

Jimmy told all the orchestras playing over Chicago radio stations during the 1936 campaign to speak a good word for the Mayor. It took the Federal Communications Commission to explain to him that he was out of order. He went to the opposite extreme with John L. Lewis. The CIO chief was mentioned in two shows playing in Chicago last year, George White's *Scandals* and *The Man Who Came to Dinner*.

"Take it out," Jimmy told the managers. "He can't be mentioned." The offending lines were censored — with unexpected results. Petrillo, who has bucked radio chains, political parties, movie magnates and the American Legion, has a hide like a rhinoceros, but this was different. The press roared. Jimmy lifted the censorship. "They said it was dictatorial and un-American," he says innocently. "I never intended anything like that. I just thought I'd push Lewis around a little."

III

The tough boss of America's organized music-makers is strictly

West Side Chicago, where in his day they had to be tough to survive. Jimmy sold papers and peddled peanuts before he was old enough for school. Then he took advantage of free music lessons at nearby Hull House. He played the cornet. Later he took out a union card and played professionally. He might now be one of the thousands of musicians out of work, but he "lost his lip." This is a tragedy to a cornet player comparable to a violinist's losing an arm. Petrillo changed to the drums. One night a union brother said to him, "You make a good speech, Jim; you ought to run for president."

"I knew what he was getting at," Petrillo explains. "I was such a lousy drummer the boys would rather have me president than playing with them."

Jimmy became the union's first full-time executive, at \$100 a week. The second year the boys raised him to \$250. Petrillo had found his instruments, the swivel chair and telephone. Chicago employers were soon aware of his talent as a labor organizer. Loud and scrappy, he fought for and won successive wage increases in the restaurants, the theatres, and the opera and symphony. He won the first musicians' contract with a radio station when he signed up WMAQ almost

fifteen years ago. At that time a union man got \$8 for two hours of radio work. Today he gets \$25.

As late as 1937, Jimmy led 400 union locals in a battle to obtain better terms from the phonograph record companies, and won it. During his régime the membership of the Chicago local was almost tripled. Though there are complicated wage and hours scales in the different branches of the business, and employment is irregular, in many fields wages were more than doubled under Petrillo's leadership.

Jimmy insists that his career as boss of Local No. 10 has been as peaceful as a July afternoon. One frequently printed report annoys him. "There isn't any gun in my desk," he says. "Go look." It is true that musicians' union history is not quite that of miners or steel workers, but Jimmy did not get to the top and stay there without a struggle.

Back in the '20's an unexplained bomb damaged his house. In 1932 it was rumored that he had been kidnaped and ransomed for \$100,000. Petrillo dismisses the whole thing as "just a lot of politics." But the national treasurer of the union, testifying in an injunction suit in the New York courts, spoke of "one of our executives who had

been kidnaped." He said the ransom was \$50,000.

When Jimmy traded in his armored car with sinister cracks in the glass, reporters were told, "We fired a couple of shots at it to see if it worked."

There is money in music. Among Chicago's hoodlums in prohibition days there were people who eyed Jimmy's job and its graft possibilities with envy. Jimmy withstood every challenge from inside and outside the union. Known as its best go-getter, his election to the national presidency was a foregone conclusion when the veteran Joseph N. Weber stepped down last June after forty years in office.

Jimmy Petrillo no sooner had become AFM president than typical Petrillo remarks fell on some cultivated and unaccustomed ears. "They're through," said Jimmy, referring to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the only major non-union orchestra in the United States. "We've taken them off the radio and off the records." He threatened Jascha Heifetz, José Iturbi and Efrem Zimbalist with a similar fate unless they gave up membership in the American Guild of Musical Artists, a fellow AFL union, largely of singers, which he claimed had invaded his jurisdiction when it signed up instrumen-

talists. "They're musicians and belong to me," said Jimmy. "If they want to join a union they can join mine. What's the difference between Mr. Heifetz and the fiddle player in a tavern?"

Petrillo's battle with AGMA was still being fought in the New York Courts last September. AGMA had obtained an injunction temporarily restraining Petrillo from enforcing his drastic edicts against its instrument-playing members. Lawrence Tibbett, famous singer of the Metropolitan Opera and AGMA's president, announced a plan for a concert by the greatest collection of musical genius in history as a protest against Petrillo "dictatorship."

Accounts of the legal battle made the front pages of the New York newspapers, despite heavy competition from war and a presidential campaign. And Petrillo, according to his custom, promptly demonstrated again that there is nothing too good for Petrillo or "his boys" — never mind the price! For counsel he hired Samuel Seabury, distinguished president of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, whose investigation of New York graft forced Jimmy Walker out of City Hall.

But it isn't questions of jurisdiction, nor whether Boston hears

union-played symphonies, which worry Petrillo. "We only got one problem," he says. "Canned music. A guy goes out and makes himself \$1500 on a record—and what happens? We lose a million-and-a-half in pay. They can play that record a hundred times and they can make other recordings of it off the air."

Then there are the nickel-in-the-slot phonographs which in the last five years have blossomed by the hundred thousands in the saloons, restaurants, and roadhouses. A billion-and-a-half nickels a year go into the juke boxes without appreciably increasing the amount of work for Jimmy's musicians. "People want music — and they ask us to make it for them and play ourselves right out of a job," Jimmy says bitterly.

Leave it to Jimmy Petrillo to prevent any such calamity. Chicago grumbles about his high-handed ways. Other cities will grumble in the future. But Jimmy shrugs it off. "With conditions like they are," he once said, "we got to be a little mercenary." With candor America's best-paid labor leader says, "I don't steal. I get paid damn well and I'm not supposed to steal. When I want anything I ask for it and the boys get it for me. They take care of me and I give them service."

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

A Story

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

THE Vicar was in a difficulty. It was a poor parish, and until Mrs. Maxon had come into the neighborhood and become a permanent resident, the altar flowers had always been a problem to him — a financial problem. The living, like the village, was a very poor one. The Vicar was a celibate — not only by religious conviction but by necessity. He could not have afforded a wife and family. For the same reason, neither could he afford altar flowers suitable for the high honor of being so placed; but the altar must have flowers as accompaniments to the Cross and the two candles, and as none of his poor parishioners had been in a position to supply them, except occasionally from their own small gardens, and then not always the flowers which he considered suitable, he had been forced to provide them himself.

But when Mrs. Maxon came into the neighborhood, he saw his opportunity, and very soon after he

had made her acquaintance and found that she was quite willing to do something to help the parish in which she had come to reside, he put it to her whether she would undertake week by week to supply and arrange the altar flowers.

Mrs. Maxon undertook the duty with something like alacrity. She loved flowers — was a bit of a gardener herself — and though her garden was not an extensive one and her conservatory quite small, she declared herself capable of supplying flowers all the year round, except when she happened to be away; and then, she was kind enough to say, the Vicar might come and help himself. So the matter seemed most satisfactorily settled, and the Vicar went away very pleased to have had that trouble and the accompanying expense taken off his hands. And thereafter, every Saturday morning, Mrs. Maxon was down at the church arranging the four vases of altar flowers according to the sea-

sons; and as far as arrangement went, her offerings were very effective. She always brought of her best, grudging neither quality nor quantity.

But presently the Vicar began to feel uneasy. He had realized fairly soon, from Mrs. Maxon's infrequent attendance at what was called the early service, that she was not an ardent churchwoman. He had not questioned her on her religious views, but he guessed that they were in the broad and low direction, rather than in the high which he himself favored; and it became more and more evident that Mrs. Maxon had not the ecclesiastical sense about flowers — the sense, that is to say, of what was and what was not suitable for contributing to the beauty of holiness.

During the early summer, when she first took up her floral office, her selection of flowers had not been noticeably wrong, but it had not been right. She had preferred roses to lilies, and of the two, lilies of course were so much the better and the more suitable; and when she chose lilies she seemed rather to prefer tiger to Madonna lilies. White did not properly attract her.

About the roses the Vicar had said nothing. They were very beautiful; they were tastefully and lavishly arranged, and the villagers

admired them. But when Mrs. Maxon, because she was going away for her summer holiday, went to the church a day earlier and filled the vases with red-hot pokers, which stood out resplendently against the blue velvet dossal with which he had covered an old-fashioned reredos — when on the Saturday morning the Vicar entered the church and saw that, it gave him a shock, far worse than the shock which he had experienced a few weeks before when she had set up bunches of snapdragons. Luckily there was time to effect an exchange, and Mrs. Maxon, having gone for her holiday, would not know of it; so he removed the red-hot pokers and substituted flowers of a more seemly character.

When she returned and began making her selections for the autumnal season, his dissatisfaction increased. He could not say why, but he did not quite like sunflowers. Perhaps it was their black eyes. Also, they savored too emphatically of cottage gardens; though why cottage gardens should not associate themselves with things pertaining to the altar was a matter he did not go into.

It was no doubt because of the blue background that Mrs. Maxon so often selected flowers tending to yellow and tawny, and of course

they looked extremely effective. But when she constructed a magnificent effect from bunches of orange Cotoneaster — berries, not flowers — he did not like it; and when she had done an altar-dressing of bachelor's-buttons, he felt that in addition to the name's making it unsuitable, it was almost a personal reference to his celibacy. A few weeks later, when flowers had become scarce, she put up a decoration of spindlewood, and he did not like that either; for though we are assured in one of the Psalms that in the amiable dwellings of the Lord sparrows and swallows find a welcome upon the altars, he did not consider that things from the wild were suitable offerings.

After the spindlewood came a long burst of chrysanthemums. They were all right because they had become a necessity at that season. The chrysanthemums were, from the ecclesiastical point of view, uneventful makeshifts, and he was glad when she supplied a less effective variation of Christmas roses, for though they were roses, they were roses only in name, and because of that name and their color had a religious association and complexion.

For Christmas Day Mrs. Maxon not only arranged the altar flowers,

but superintended the decorations. It was lucky that on Christmas Eve the Vicar looked in to see how things were getting on. Holly, box, laurel and other evergreens were there in abundance, but he almost quivered with apprehension of what might have been perpetrated had he not looked in, for he found Mrs. Maxon disposing bunches of mistletoe in the windows. This time he had to explain to her that mistletoe was not suitable for church decoration. It had definitely pagan associations, and others of a non-religious character lasting to the present day; and in the seats under the windows from the sills of which the mistletoe was provocatively projecting, youths and maidens would be sitting, and the thing simply would not do.

Mrs. Maxon accepted the correction mildly and without offense, and distributed the mistletoe by the hands of her helpers to the community at large, the villagers accepting it joyfully.

In spite of the elimination of the mistletoe the church had never been more beautifully decorated. Mrs. Maxon certainly had a flair for this sort of thing. If only her mind could be trained to better conformity with church tradition she would be an ideal person for the job she had undertaken.

After Christmas came January, the most difficult month of all. Mrs. Maxon had been so generous in her supply of things from her small conservatory that there was little more to come from it. Also, she was again going away on a visit; once more she made preparation for her departure a day earlier, and with a view to being three weeks away, provided accordingly. She filled the vases with undiluted bunches of the stripped seed of honesty. Never had her decorations looked more effective — the shiny iridescent silver against the dark blue — but never had they been, except in the case of the red-hot pokers, more unecclesiastical. After her departure the Vicar removed the honesty and substituted a poor show of his own providing, eked out by what remained in Mrs. Maxon's conservatory, which her gardener yielded somewhat grudgingly, for he, differing therein from Mrs. Maxon, was not a cheerful giver.

II

When Mrs. Maxon returned to resume her service of the altar, she missed the honesty and inquired what had become of it; and the Vicar then hesitatingly and apologetically explained that he

had not considered it sufficiently ecclesiastical to occupy such a post of honor even for one Sunday, let alone for three.

Mrs. Maxon was genuinely puzzled.

"Whyever not?" she inquired. "Can one make a better offering to God than honesty?"

The Vicar felt that it was time that he should give her some sort of instruction in the sense that she lacked, and explained to her how certain flowers and growths had a religious implication, while others had not. When he broached the point to her, Mrs. Maxon exclaimed simply, "But didn't God make all of them?"

"Yes, yes," said the Vicar, "no doubt He did make all of them; but as we all have our different avocations and callings, so, in the tradition of the church and in its service, have the lower forms of life; and symbols have become attached to them. The fish has become a sacred emblem of our Lord because of the letters forming its name." Whereat Mrs. Maxon made the embarrassing query whether he would like to have bowls of gold-fish as a variety in the place of flowers.

The Vicar could not believe that she had made the remark seriously, but she really had. There was ap-

parently an astonishing hiatus in this lady's intellectual outfit as to what was and what was not fitting in church matters. Fearing that if he made references to the symbol of the lamb he might be met with a similar embarrassing suggestion, he passed on to the language of flowers, showing how, though it was hard to explain why, certain flowers were suitable for altar decoration while others were not.

It was easy to explain the suitability of certain flowers. Lilies, of course — *white* lilies; but he took the opportunity to enter a caveat against tiger lilies.

"Their name," he said, "makes them less suitable. And then, of course, the passion-flower. That is the most symbolic of all." Mrs. Maxon again revealed her insensitivity to symbol.

"What about love-lies-bleeding and love-in-a-mist?"

"No, no!" said the Vicar, "I fear that the love which those flowers symbolize is love of a very different character — earthly, not divine. In fact, as you probably know, another name for love-in-a-mist is Venus-in-her-bath, and that would never do. No, not love-lies-bleeding."

"Well," said Mrs. Maxon, "as I don't seem to know when flowers are religious and when they are not,

you had better give me a list for all the seasons. Then I shall know what to do. What about daffodils?"

"Lent lilies," corrected the Vicar; "very suitable, of course, especially the larger, cultivated varieties; and narcissus, that also — very beautiful and effective."

"Narcissus!" exclaimed Mrs. Maxon, astonished. "But Narcissus was that naughty Greek boy who fell in love with himself and died of it!"

"I don't think," said the Vicar, "that one any longer connects the flower with that foolish story. Besides, no one here has ever heard of it."

"Very well," said Mrs. Maxon, "there's one to the good, then, in spite of its doubtful character. What about cowslips?"

"No, not cowslips, I think. . . the name. It's rather too rural for church service."

"But is not this a rural parish?" exclaimed Mrs. Maxon.

"Yes, but one cannot regard the altar as rural anywhere."

"Very well," said Mrs. Maxon, "out go cowslips. Primroses and the primrose path won't do either, I suppose."

"No," said the Vicar, "primroses I fear still have a political association. Primrose Day is no longer observed as it once was; but I re-

member the time when it was considered very unseemly for anyone to come into church on that date in April, the anniversary of Disraeli's death, wearing primroses. No, not primroses."

"Well," said Mrs. Maxon, "that doesn't matter. One has a big choice all through spring, when the flowering shrubs begin. There's almond and flowering plum, and the fruit blossoms, and after that hawthorn, laburnam, lilac —"

"No," said the Vicar, "hawthorn is not quite suitable. *White* lilac, yes. Laburnum. . . ." He paused.

"Well," said Mrs. Maxon, "laburnum has got a holy name tacked onto it. Wasn't it named after Constantine's miracle — 'In this sign conquer'?"

"Yes, yes," said the Vicar, "very well, laburnum; but I have seldom seen it used. Then I remember that last year during the summer you put snapdragon on the altar."

"Why not snapdragon?" said Mrs. Maxon.

"The name makes it unsuitable."

"Call it *Antirrhinum*," she replied stoutly.

"Nobody here knows it by that name," said the Vicar.

"God does," said Mrs. Maxon. The Vicar looked at her. Was she having a game with him? And meanwhile, in Mrs. Maxon's simple

mind she was almost wondering whether the Vicar was not having a game with *her*.

When they got to the season of autumn she inquired whether dahlias were all right.

"Yes," said the Vicar — "*single* dahlias, those that have eyes; but not the old-fashioned double dahlia, which I believe you are rather fond of. I remember last year. . . ." He paused. "For harvest festivals and in other parts of the church, quite suitable, and it is very right to have in the church the sort of flowers which poor people are able to offer; but for the altar we want something better, more — more —"

"Recherché," said Mrs. Maxon, almost venomously.

"Well, *recherché* was not exactly the word I was looking for; but we ought not to put upon the altar things which cost us nothing."

"The only flowers that cost me anything," said Mrs. Maxon, "are my conservatory flowers; and that's mainly for the heating."

"Well," said the Vicar, "there's a suggestion that man has produced them with care and cost."

"Cost?" said Mrs. Maxon. "What about orchids?"

The Vicar was seized almost with panic.

"Oh, no, no! Not orchids! Quite unsuitable. There is unhap-

pily too strong an association between orchids and sin."

"I have seen brides carrying them in their bouquets," said Mrs. Maxon.

"Well, that cannot be helped," said the Vicar, "but orchids are not suitable. Still, there are flowers and flowers — flowers which are too common and cheap to offer, and flowers —"

"Would you prefer that I *bought* flowers for the church?" asked Mrs. Maxon, surprised.

"No, no, I think it is very good of you, and very generous —"

Mrs. Maxon interrupted him. "One cannot be generous to God."

"No, you are right," said the

Vicar. "Still, I think that you do understand what I mean."

"No, Vicar," said Mrs. Maxon, uprising not in wrath but with a sort of honest finality. "I don't think I understand one word that you have said. You have been talking double Dutch to me. Still, as I don't understand, I will do what you tell me. From now on I will send you a list by the gardener every week of all the flowers I have got, and you can choose from them, and what you choose, I will bring. But," she added, "I shan't enjoy doing it nearly so much as I have done."

"I am sorry," said the Vicar.

"So am I," said Mrs. Maxon.



NEW ENGLAND EQUINOX

BY FRANCES FROST

UP the wild coast the anchored lightships shudder,
taking sea on by port and starboard rail.
The fishing sloops beat up to Boothbay Harbor,
flying like tacking gulls before the gale.

New Englanders were canny in their cradles
and skeptical the instant they were born:
it takes a hell-bent storm to make them certain
the sun is swinging south to Capricorn.

THE LEGEND OF AMERICAN INVINCIBILITY

BY WILLARD K. SMITH

FALSE doctrines of security and martial prowess have lost half the nations of Europe their independence within the past year. The Polish mud and the rough Norwegian terrain would stop the German machines; the Dutch dikes would save Holland; the impenetrable Maginot Line would safeguard France; and so on. Americans have been similarly beguiled by the myth of invincibility fostered by oversimplified history text books and patriotic self-congratulation. From the Fort Pitt frontier captain who in 1776 proclaimed, "Pennsylvania kin fight the world," to the able Congressman who in 1939 declared, "No European power dares send a hostile airplane carrier within a thousand miles of our coast," our people and our historians have fraudulently proclaimed our military genius. But the times are too crucial for complacent delusions. If we want to survive in a predatory world, it is high time we faced the bitter fact that our government, our volunteer soldiers and our resources have

never given us anything but the most inefficient service in warfare. The program of genuine national defense on which the country is now working will be more realistic if we confront unflinchingly the facts of our past military record.

That record has been ably set forth by several authors, notably by Major General Emory Upton and Colonel Frederick L. Huidkoper. Here only the briefest résumé of a vast amount of official data can be given.

The American Revolution is held by speechmaking patriots to be the classic example of a small colony's successfully resisting a great power. In that war we fought an enemy whose councils were divided; an enemy engaged at the same time with other nations. The Colonies had powerful friends in Parliament; they had the financial and military assistance of France — a first class military power. They were fighting on home ground against an enemy that had to transport troops, supplies and munitions 3000 miles in

sailing ships. Incredible incompetence of the British army in the field, intolerable mismanagement by the Ministries in England, French aid and English sympathy saved us — not our own military superiority.

The records of the War Department show over 395,000 enlistments of American soldiers during the Revolution, against a total British force from first to last of some 150,000 men. Of course, many of ours were re-enlistments; nevertheless in 1775 our troops outnumbered the English two to one. When Washington took command of the army in that year his troops fit for duty, according to Upton, numbered 14,500 men, against 6500 British effectives. Later, in 1775, we had 38,000 men under pay. In 1776 we called out 90,000 men to oppose only 27,700 British troops. The Revolutionary army constantly fluctuated in size and efficiency. In May, 1778, we had only 15,000 effectives; then France came to our aid, and eventually our forces in 1778 totalled 51,000 men under arms, against a considerably smaller number of British. 1779 and 1780 were years of major American defeats except for Stony Point and King's Mountain. At the beginning of 1781, mutinies and Congressional mis-

management had reduced Washington's army to 5000 men.

The surrender of Cornwallis in October, 1781, was brought about by the most fortuitous circumstances. Washington received a number of reinforcements from the North; the French fleet arrived with 3200 veteran French soldiers; the British made several flagrant mistakes in tactics; the superior British fleet failed to find the French ships; the British General Clinton in New York failed to send 7000 veteran reinforcements to Cornwallis until too late; and not so many of the American militia ran away as in other battles.

When finally we had achieved our independence, "with chaos in the country and anarchy around the corner, with hostile Indian tribes on three sides, Congress disbanded the Continental Army and reduced our entire soldiery to eighty men." The quotation is from Huidkoper. Our survival during the next fifteen years can be credited to Divine good will.

II

In 1812 we fought another war with England. In 1813 our forces, amounting to 150,000 troops, succeeded in winning one battle — the dispersal of 800 British regulars

by a much greater American force. We enlisted during the war a total of 527,654 troops for short terms, against a total English and Canadian force that did not exceed 67,000; and we could not have made a satisfactory peace had not our naval forces and privateers sunk or captured over 2000 British merchant ships, and thus brought the English commercial interests to insist on peace.

The loss of Washington was typical of American ineptitude. As General Upton has written:

Boasting at the outset of the war that Canada could be captured without soldiers, and that a few volunteers and militiamen could do the business, our statesmen had the humiliation of seeing their plans of conquest vanish in the smoke of their burning capital.

Our Government had two months' warning that a British expedition had been sent against Washington. The English troops landed on the Chesapeake and proceeded with the utmost caution because they could not believe the Americans had not set a trap for them. Finally, at Bladensburg, Maryland, the British General Ross had his first sight of his foe. On a hilltop some hastily improvised breastworks were defended by "a crowd of men with arms in their hands but utterly without military training." The real fighting was left to Commo-

dore Barney and 600 marines. "Had the least support been given them," states a report of the engagement, "the day might have been turned, but the militia covering their flank broke and run away at the first English charge." Only 1500 English troops were in this action. The American government had called some 235,839 troops into service during the year, yet against this expedition it had hurriedly to organize 5401 Washington men "utterly without military training." Such incidents were common.

The war against the Seminole Indians was proportionately the costliest, as it was the most inefficient and disgraceful, in American history. After a first war in 1817-1818, the second Seminole campaign began in 1835 and dragged out until 1842. A nation of 17,000,000 people required seven years, 60,000 men and \$70,000,000 to subdue 1200 warriors.

Next came the war with Mexico, from 1845-1848. Here again we had extraordinary luck in face of delays and government ineptitude. We still had short-term enlistments, and at one time General Scott, near the Mexican capital and with no enemy of consequence between, had to let seven of his eleven volunteer regiments leave

for New Orleans because their enlistments had expired! He was left with 6000 effectives and could not move for three months. Says Huidkoper:

It was only incredible good fortune which averted a calamity and spared the American public the disgrace of seeing their formidable preparations collapse like a house of cards—all because Congress and the President had been oblivious to lessons of past wars.

Our forces in service from 1845 to 1848, according to Upton, were 104,284 men. The maximum Mexican number, according to Strait, was 46,000. Of all the troops enlisted, General Scott had only 6000 men when he entered Mexico City, and at no time more than 13,500.

All military commentators (except those violently pro-South) agree that had President Pierce or the early Lincoln administration encouraged an efficient organization of regular troops, the Civil War could have been ended in months rather than years. But though war had for years been almost certain, this nation of 31,000,000 people had allowed its army to be reduced by December, 1860, to the incredible minimum of 16,376 officers and men, most of them stationed in the Far West. When South Carolina seceded, our

nine forts along the Southern coast were garrisoned by a total of four small companies. When Lincoln called out the militia to defend Washington, only three companies agreed to fight outside the District limits.

The reports of the Provost Marshal show that during 1861 the North had a total of 669,243 troops under pay, while the Confederate forces reached only 232,138. By 1864, the North had 1,250,000 men under arms. The South was fighting as a nation; the North suffered as usual from loose control and amateur direction. Federal losses were the greatest ever suffered up to that time by troops in battle. The fact is that Lee, with a force averaging 90,000 troops, inflicted 262,000 casualties upon the Federals in a thousand days of fighting! It took five years, ten billion dollars, including pensions, and the ultimate employment of 2,700,000 Union soldiers to conquer an agricultural, blockaded, and impoverished South, which could not raise a million troops.

In 1898 we again picked a quarrel. And though war had been imminent for a year or more, when it came we had only 28,000 troops in our regular army and lacked everything, including ammunition, needed to conduct a war. Our fleet

had to be retained for a time in American harbors while coast defenses were put into shape to resist attack. When war was declared our hospital corps consisted of 723 men; we had twenty-two trained commissary officers in service. We had few, if any, military maps of Cuba, and the American authorities even lacked statistical information regarding the number of Spanish troops there. The selection of Tampa as the embarkation point for our expedition against Cuba was the worst possible choice. There was a single-line railroad with insufficient switching facilities. The result was that freight cars were lined up for miles—without labels indicating the nature of the supplies they held. Wharfage was available for only a few ships and loading was chaos, with cannon on one ship, horses on another, and ammunition on a third. Medical supplies were found in holds under heavy equipment. Only the incredible incapacity and apathy of the Spaniards prevented our complete defeat in Cuba.

Our initial expedition, under General Shafter, consisted of fewer than 17,000 men against a Spanish force of over 200,000, nearly 40,000 of whom were in Santiago. The embarkation is described as without parallel in history for chaos and

inefficiency. When, after long delays, the expedition reached its destination at Daiquiri, where there were no docks, it had but one lighter and no launches to get men and supplies ashore. German observers stated that 300 determined Spanish troops, hiding among the rocks and thus protected from shell fire, could have prevented the landing. At San Juan there were but three ambulances to take care of over a thousand casualties. Khaki or cotton uniforms were not available except for a limited number of troops. A year later, when the soldiers of the rich American Republic marched into Manila, many of them did not have shoes. The scandals of avoidable illness which killed many more troops than Spanish bullets, complete inadequacy of transportation, and failure to provide even the most necessary materials of warfare do not make nice reading for Americans.

To sum up: we put into field and camp during the Spanish War over 321,000 men against a second-rate power operating in rebellious colonies thousands of miles from its home bases. In the subsequent Philippine War we were compelled to use about 125,000 soldiers at a cost of 7000 casualties and \$200,000,000, to reduce a much smaller group of natives.

III

From 1775 to 1898 the United States had found it necessary to employ in warfare at least twice as many men as its adversaries. The World War brought the ratio up to about three to one. In 1914, with a population of 100,000,000, we had a mobile force of only 24,602 men. Our available rifle ammunition could supply but 140,000 troops with their regulation quota — enough for about four days' fighting. We had twenty-one airplanes, and 568 field pieces as against 2834 officially estimated as needed for a war against a great power. When Germany smashed the Louvain forts with ten-inch heavy guns, we had nothing larger in the field than six-inch howitzers, and only forty of these were in existence or appropriated for. It was stated that we had only two days' supply of ammunition for our 634 field guns of all sizes.

Our official pacifism was so exaggerated that our military observers abroad were prevented up to the very declaration of war from conferring seriously with our future allies concerning the types of ordnance we should need in case of war. In 1916 the country's most influential industrial executives, engaged in producing munitions

for the Allies, banded together to formulate ways and means of supplying munitions to the government in case of war. They approached President Wilson and were snubbed for their pains. When we finally entered the war we had fewer than 135,000 regular troops, scattered in weak detachments over half the world. A year later, after all our tremendous resources had been brought into play, it might have been supposed that this situation would be vastly changed; yet on March 21, 1918, our combat strength in France, exclusive of those troops in the Service of Supply, headquarters, schools, hospitals, etc., totaled 162,482.

At the time of the Armistice we had over 4,000,000 soldiers in service. These were not fully equipped, and small wonder, for it was not until July and August, 1917, that our War Department was able to notify munitions makers what types of field guns they were to make for the American Army. Our first orders for guns were placed by "civilian" officers who ruthlessly cut government red tape. The cannon designed by the Army were found to be too intricate for manufacture on a large scale. Even as late as December, 1917, the question of cannon had not been settled.

General Leonard Wood, sent to France along with other divisional commanders for training ahead of their troops, sent back reports severely critical of the inefficiency of American supply. He was never allowed to assume command of his division abroad. Few people today know how brigadiers who complained of conditions were ruthlessly dismissed from the front-line command. General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, said last December:

We read of our victories in the World War. But we are not told that it was a year and a half after war was declared that we put an army into the field in France, and that even then, most of our weapons and ammunition were furnished by our allies. We are not told of the untrained men who were sent to war—a thing that was costly and tragic.

In 1918 we had in France over 2,100,000 troops, somewhat fewer than half of whom were in the line at various times. It has been stated that at no time did the total German forces opposing us reach half our strength, although we might have been outnumbered in some actions. Our allies lost in less than a month more dead than we did during our entire fighting period abroad.

In spite of our enormous facilities for manufacture, we were able to put none of our own guns on the

firing line. The First Army, which was our only real fighting body, did not fire a single cannon or a single shell made in America, except four fourteen-inch naval guns. No American-made tank was used by the AEF. One year after war was declared we had but three squadrons of airplanes at the front. By the time of the Armistice, there were forty-three American squadrons operating with 740 planes, but only twelve of them were using American-made machines.

When Secretary Bryan spoke of a million men springing to arms overnight, he neglected, in his oratorical fervor, to mention that they would have no arms to spring to. We had to buy 3035 of France's famous 75 mm. field guns, 514 tanks, 1190 six-inch howitzers, 9592 machine guns, 40,000 automatic rifles, and 5,000,000 rounds of 75 mm. shells. England had to furnish our troops 324 heavy field guns, 864 heavy six-inch Newton mortars, and 2550 Stokes three-inch mortars. We even had to transport our troops in foreign ships.

At the time of the Armistice we had material and men almost sufficient to continue the war single-handed, but it had taken seventeen months to reach that point. Our determination was manifest,

and that was perhaps a vital factor in the peace. Manpower we have, but some ally has to hold our line for us until we get it equipped and moving.

The great influenza epidemic of 1918 wrought terrible havoc in the Army. With influenza raging in most of our Army camps, our soldiers bearing these deadly germs were crowded in tens of thousands on transports, where they were packed tightly in holds with a minimum of ventilation. In consequence, American transports arriving in France in September, 1918, carried more invalids than able soldiers. At Brest there were no hospital facilities, and hundreds of soldiers were left aboard transports to be brought home. Many of these men died because the Army, in the face of sure signs of epidemic, had provided no drugs or whiskey except in the minute quantities usual on ships. In Brest there were almost no ambulances, and hundreds of pneumonia cases lay in the rain on the docks waiting for

transportation to non-existent hospital beds. Altogether in 1917-18 we lost twice as many dead from sickness as from bullets, gas and shell-fire.

Today there is much talk of involvement in the second World War. Our war preparations up to last year were represented, unintentionally perhaps, as adequate and efficient. The veil has recently been raised, however, and the whole sad spectacle of our military, naval and air weakness is now on view. No one any longer denies or tries to explain away the obvious. For once the effort to make America strong and militarily independent is being undertaken before and not after the war catastrophe is upon us.

That, in brief, is the reality behind the text-book myth. It is essential that the reality be faced without blinking, in order that the necessary steps be taken to bring some real help to our great traditional ally, a kindly Providence.

THE POET

THROUGH rivulets of restive thought
He daily draws his seine along,
Exultant when his net has caught
On fascicles of furtive song.

— S. C. BEARD, JR.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Saroyan: Whirling Dervish of Fresno

SOME years ago there was a so-called protean artist in the theatre named Fregoli. His great act consisted in jumping behind a screen every other minute and emerging as an entirely different person. William Saroyan reminds me of Fregoli, in a way. He also bills himself as a protean artist and his great act also consists in jumping behind a screen every other minute. The only difference between his act and Fregoli's is that, for all his agility and impressive acrobatics, he always emerges as exactly the same person.

It is true that in seeking to put over his act as a protean sensation Saroyan makes a different face on each of his rapid appearances, but though he may successively and hopefully announce himself as everyone from Socrates to Ibsen and from Jesus Christ to William Shakespeare — he does not deign to identify himself with such low-lives as Napoleon, Schopenhauer and the ignominious like — he doesn't fool anybody. The young children and even some of the

dramatic critics in his audience promptly know it's Saroyan and take a youthful delight in loudly shouting out the fact, which paradoxically enough tickles Saroyan, despite the perspirational intricacies of his performance, no end.

The point about Saroyan is that he deceives himself into mistaking a squirrelish activity for versatility. But although he comes out from behind that screen with an unbelievably quick consecution of plays, stories, essays, ballets, radio scripts and what not else, including ecstatic tributes to his own eminence in the worlds of art, drama, philosophy, Weltpolitik, theology, military strategy and secret international diplomacy, almost all these benevolent dispensations of his talent are essentially very much alike. For it is not hard to discern that, whatever form he is occupied with, his technique usually consists in laying hold of a violently eccentric assortment of human fowl and sentimentally attempting to rationalize them. That he is often notably successful in

negotiating the technique does not alter the fact that he nevertheless remains largely an off-stage Fregoli.

Saroyan's act this theatrical season sees him assiduously hopping behind his screen four or five times and reappearing with four or five new play scripts. (Several other playwrights, incidentally, amused by the prodigality of his creative gambols, have recently incorporated him, possibly with or without a trace of ill-concealed envy, as a character into their plays.) The four scripts in question presently bear the following titles: *Sweeney in the Trees*, *The Hero of the World*, *Something About a Soldier*, and *Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning*. On the fifth, at the moment without a name, he is still operating as I write this, although he will probably have finished it by the time I get to the end of this thoughtlessly protracted sentence. Having either seen the four in try-out performances or read them in script, I give you a pre-New York-production appraisal of them.

II

First, *Sweeney in the Trees*. In this effort Saroyan proves his utter contempt for those critics who alleged they couldn't detect what such of his antecedent plays as

My Heart's in the Highlands, *The Time of Your Life* and *Love's Old Sweet Song* were about not only by vouchsafing them a play which will doubly exhaust their powers of detection but by throwing the fact bang in their faces. "Here," he sarcastically tells them in a note to be printed in their programs, "is a play, a dream, a song, a poem, a travesty, a fable, a symphony, a parable, a comedy, a tragedy, a farce, a vaudeville, a song and dance, a statement on money, a report on life, an essay on art and religion, a theatrical entertainment, a circus, anything you like or whatever you please." In order to preserve his equanimity when and if the play is professionally presented, he further and blandly assures me, together with any circumambient bartenders who will listen, that the comments of such critics will be sent sight unseen by him to his Uncle Takagarian in Bakersfield, California, who can't read English.

Let me as one of his more sympathetic and respectful critics, however, not be misunderstood. I suffer on this occasion a slight brotherhood with those other critics. Gifted as I am in deciphering the undecipherable — I once, indeed, even partly figured out what Ezra Pound and the late lamented Congressman Sirovich were talking

about — I nonetheless myself am a little baffled as to what Saroyan is driving at, if anything. Why he should feel the necessity of driving at anything in particular I of course don't know. If Shakespeare didn't in the case of *Much Ado About Nothing*, if Strindberg didn't in *The Spook Sonata*, and if Shaw didn't in at least nine-tenths of *Too True To Be Good*, I don't see why Saroyan should see why he should, even if I see. (Good God, I'm beginning to write like Saroyan; worse still, I seem to be thinking like him!) Yet once one agreeably remits consciousness on the inner meaning of the play, just as one agreeably remits consciousness on frogs' legs and one's best friend's girl-friend, a good time may be had by one and all.

In this vaudeville of a lonely, rich young man who gathers about him a wondrous riffraff of humanity and proves to them that money is meaningless (can it be that the play makes some sense after all, or am I too expert and over-zealous a detective?), Saroyan exposes some of his most jaunty humor, and surely several moments of imaginative dramatic writing that must linger in the memory. The chief defect of the work is its woe-ful lack of organization; it gives the impression of something quickly

done under a momentary inspiration and tossed out of the nest before it was ready to fly; but all the same it often has in it a fertile invention and a curious life non-existent in many a play meditated and edited fifty-fold.

Second, *The Hero of the World*. This one is a dramatic helter-skelter purporting to depict the average man in conflict with his surroundings. That is, I should say, Saroyan's conception of the average man and his surroundings, which is something else again by a long shot. There is in it a superficial thread of narrative, or at least one faintly gets such an impression, but just what the thread is, I for one fear I can't tell you. Maybe it isn't there at all and I just thought I saw it, like the Indian rope trick. The play is made up of manifold shifting episodes played on a bare stage and necessitating enough changing traffic lights to make Los Angeles green with envy.

It was the bare-stage idea that fetched Saroyan in the conception and execution of the exhibit. "I've got a great new theatrical idea!" he excitedly wrote me. "Why should there be scenery on a stage? A bare stage is enough in its own possible illusion. It can represent anything to the imagination. I think I've got something there!"

a large family. Never heard of him before. You feel sorry for the people who don't stay alive to see what's going to happen," etc. The boss enters and the waiter instructs him to go into a dance. A drunk asks, "What's on the dinner?" and before anyone tells him says, "O.K., medium rare." He inquires who those people out front are and what they are doing. "Watching us," says the waiter. "People stink," he says. "I avoid them."

A pretty girl appears. The drunk lifts his glass. "Here's to you. Here's to the elderly gentleman with the other young woman. Here's to the young woman. Here's to Europe. That's a lot of territory, but a man's got to be a lot more efficient this year than last year."

"This frenzy which is supposed to be living!" interrupts the drunk.

"I have found men honest for a moment, but only for a moment. I myself have been dishonest, and I am still, which is painful. How is anything good ever going to come about if a man who wants to be honest can't? I don't mean small, piddling honesty, the kind that goes in ledgers, the honesty of poor, intimidated workers who ought to be dishonest. I mean broad, generous, reckless, deep honesty."

The goofiness continues apace. The lights go down and the waiter

comes out from the wings and addresses the audience. "Already," he says, "some of you may be asking yourselves, for instance, What's this stuff mean? Well, all I can say is I'm glad you came tonight instead of last night because what happened last night wouldn't make *anybody* ask, What's this stuff mean?" He thereupon proceeds with a biography of this particular bar-restaurant, explaining the difference between it and Jack and Charlie's, the Stork Club and others. "There are no doubt waiters at Jack and Charlie's who, owing to the people they serve, are capable of wit far surpassing anything I shall ever be likely to amaze myself with."

The drunk re-enters, exchanges coats with the waiter, and insists upon serving him. The boss objects. A duel is proposed, but unfortunately there are no banana knives to fight it with. Everybody in the place has more drinks. The Filipino dishwashers come in, talk learnedly about the imports, exports, sanitation, public schools, free clinics and agriculture of the Philippine Islands, and appraise the sexual possibilities of the lady customers, in Filipino. A young woman who is about to give birth to a child is rushed in by a taxi driver. "Somebody, quick, get me a Scotch and

soda!" the taxi driver commands. The lights go down and again the waiter comes out from the wings and addresses the audience. "The average time required for the making of one human life is, for all I know, probably closer to 67,000 years than to nine months. In view of the incredible amount of time and effort involved, and the astonishing ineffectuality of that which comes into being, the transaction must be regarded as a swindle." He elaborates for some thousand words and concludes: "Now, more than ever, you are wondering, What is this about? I don't blame you. Finding little or no meaning in the world, you

insist upon unmistakable meaning in created things, in things of illusion, of which this is, good or bad, an example. . . . Are you expected to understand any of this? The answer is, courteously, no more than you would be apt to understand anything else. No more, and no less."

After *Don Quixote* and *Ein Heldenleben* even the faith of some of Richard Strauss' most ardent disciples, as James Huneker observed, was rudely shaken. "Either retreat or madness" was the critical cry. In the case of Saroyan we begin to cry much the same thing. Only louder.

FULL MOON

By WHITFIELD COOK

Now it is not easy for the mind
 To rule the heart; for surely we're a kind
 To whom a silver night brings sadness past
 All reason and a real desire to find
 An antidote for all the quick and vast
 Evasions of a world that does not last.
 We hope, on nights when there are dewy veils
 Of moonlight on the grass, that all the tales
 We hear of love are true, that love is fast
 And love that lovers speak of may be classed
 With things that never die. With love we'd bind
 Ourselves against the everblowing blast
 Of mortal change. The heart would have us blind
 And soft this silver night, without the mind.

ORCHIDACEOUS LUCIUS BEEBE

By JOHN RICHMOND



WHILE stout and bustling Elsa Maxwell is the recognized Queen of Café Society, and nobody claims the dubious honor of kingship, Lucius Morris Beebe must be acknowledged as its Prophet. He is not the lad who coined the glamorous phrase. But he has been official chronicler since June 1, 1934, of that hybrid aristocracy which first came out into the open with the weekly appearance of his column "This New York." Published every Saturday in the New York *Herald Tribune* and twelve other newspapers, the column is read by approximately two million people. Only about five hundred of these camp followers belong to this pseudo-select society. Long before this date, of course, Café Society existed, but Beebe first brought it to the public gaze. Thanks to him that screwball segment of Manhattan is as familiar on the main stem of any cow town as on the sidewalks of New York. And thanks to it, the extravagant, bedizened personality of Lucius Beebe — part fable, part tailor's dummy,

part shrewd exhibitionist — has become increasingly familiar.

To the perplexing question how a Boston Beebe managed to get that way, a flip of a few pages of recent history discloses the answer. The plain facts are that as a youth Lucius attended three private schools and was dismissed from two of them; that he is probably the only young man who matriculated at Yale and Harvard and was invited to resign from both (he corralled an A.B. from Harvard in 1927); that at twenty-three he was the youngest man ever to be included in *Who's Who in America*; that his dormitory room at Yale contained a roulette wheel and a revolving bookcase convertible into a bar; that at Yale during Prohibition he impersonated the dean of the Divinity School in a New Haven theatre box from which he tossed an empty liquor bottle; that at Harvard he chartered an airplane and during the New London boat-

rages madly hurled rolls of toilet paper at J. P. Morgan's yacht; that he once stood up in a box at Boston's Loew's Theatre and graciously accepted the applause of an audience erroneously informed that Beebe was the Governor of Connecticut; that — but perhaps this is enough to show he was pre-ordained as Prophet of New York's more or less loony elite.

"Café Society," says Beebe, "is an unorganized but generally recognized group of persons who participate in the professional and social life of New York available to those possessed of a certain degree of affluence and manners." This giddy and sometimes ruffian horde, however, can by no means be considered Society as Ward McAllister, founder of the famous Four Hundred, conceived of it. That old order, Beebe insists, has long gone by the boards. Café Society, he adds vehemently, is the only one today that amounts to a hill of *haricots vert*. Its membership is not confined to the heirs of the older American fortunes but is supplemented by actors, writers, artists, Hollywood beauties and Broadway celebrities of all kinds, with a sprinkling of champagne salesmen, song pluggers and style scouts. Goal of social climbers today, on the whole it seeks rather than shuns

publicity. Its members always have on display their very best clothes and their very worst manners.

A well-known saloonkeeper in Manhattan, Joe Madden, has courageously expressed his real opinion of them:

As my pub is where I can toss a pork chop to Fifth Avenue I am sometimes busy as hell having lots of fun and laughs with my regular mob, when every now and then, what drops in my joint but some heels. I mean the Café Society mob. They are loud and cheap and I'm convinced that most of them, if they could get two more people to turn and look at them, or could get their kisser in another toothpaste ad, they'd do it naked.

Lucius Beebe himself admits that Café Society is hardly composed of absolutely first-class people, and adds that he couldn't even consider them the brightest flowers of our civilization. A conspicuous target for attack, Beebe ignores invective tossed in his direction. Kyle Crichton, reformed communist critic, referred to him as "A sandwich man for the upper classes." Dorothy Kilgallen, Broadway columnist, put the matter more subtly. "Lucius," she wrote, "belongs in a platinum champagne bucket."

"I make it a policy," Beebe says, "not to reply to attackers, merely because I am not half so witty nor half so vicious as they are." However that may be, Beebe

knows he is a fabulous figure, and that is all that concerns him most of the time.

Only thirty-eight, Beebe is a pronounced bachelor and a professional Bourbon with a Barrymore profile and blond hair; in his six feet four and 185 pounds he presents the sturdy physique of a dock-walloper, a combination of male beauty which naturally makes him the tailor's delight, although when Lucius' portrait appeared on the cover of *Life* many experts pronounced him the spit and image of a slimmer W. C. Fields. Annually Beebe has been chosen as one of the first ten of America's best-dressed men, but this year he was mercilessly shoved down to seventeenth place, because, he explains somewhat peevishly, of a tailors' tong. Dr. James B. Conant, president of Harvard, and Joe Di Maggio superseded him. Not quite a broken man about this sad occurrence, Beebe says of Harvard's prexy, "Why, for years Conant has been notorious for his soup stains. He carries a whole *carte du jour* on his vest, as a matter of fact." Beebe's advice to men who desire to get on this highly respected list is always to pay their tailors and let their doctors sue. He holds, besides, pronounced views on male attire:

The two-pants suit is all right for the proletariat, but the upper or working class finds the one-pant suit quite adequate. . . . As a reporter for the *Tribune* I would no more think of appearing in a restaurant in the evening without dinner dress than I would in swimming shorts.

His wardrobe is opulent, and probably the most publicized this side of Hollywood Boulevard. He wears startling clothes and gets along somehow with forty suits at a time, ten of them formal outfits. His dress shirts are made in Boston from his father's paper pattern. His mink-lined evening coat, astrakhan-collared, is insured for \$3000; another, also mink-lined, has a sable collar. His jewelry modestly includes three gold cigarette cases valued at \$700 each; a star-sapphire ring worth \$1200; a single emerald costing \$500. Beebe strolling through Times Square in his velvet jacket and Ascot tie is something to see, but Beebe at the race track in bowler, pearl stickpin and high yellow button shoes is positively stunning. He frankly boasts, "I am as vain as a whore."

Besides his violent passion for clothes, Lucius is a fellow of extremely varied talents, as his column clearly reveals. As a literary figure, however, he is a cross between the late O. O. McIntyre and

that plump town crier, Alexander Woolcott. No ordinary reporter, he points out with somewhat rude aggressiveness that he is a fashion authority, and also makes it plain that he is a patient crusader for the higher frivolities, a hearty gourmet, a keen lover of jewelry, and a fiery, though somewhat prejudiced, social commentator. To scribble about society requires a decidedly feminine touch, since legitimate society, and even Café Society, is preponderantly a woman's world. Some male columnists, it must honestly be stated, have been obviously blessed by a generous God with this talent. But Lucius Beebe manages, in this world of flounce and finery, to preserve his own unique way of reporting the capers of Café Society.

II

The idea for a Café Society column sprang from the cerebellum of the manager of the *Herald Tribune* syndicate, who imagined a sort of Babylon on the Hudson and a column wholly devoted to the sinful and extravagant side of New York. Lucius Beebe then was functioning in a colorful but haphazard manner as one of the reporters. On routine assignments he was constantly scaring the daylights out of

the simpler citizens with his lavish livery and overbearing manners. Frequently he would arrive at a fire dressed in a formal morning coat; and once at a banquet of the Landscape Gardening Society he appeared in a top hat and opera cape, fashionably late, of course. His frank distaste for collecting plebeian facts, plus his habit of getting assignments confused, caused him to be transferred to the drama department. Ordered to begin writing a sort of super-society-column, he went at the job with a vigor that startled his superiors. What was intended as a newspaper feature turned into an institution.

In his third column Beebe published a rip-roaring paragraph about the one-time proprietor of the old Grand Union Hotel. That gentleman, Lucius related, was so annoyed by the washroom wags who scribbled their humor on the wall of his gents' rooms that he installed there a daily supply of chalk and three large blackboards, inscribed "Prose," "Poetry" and "Art" respectively. From this point, Beebe began to feel his oats. He broke out with a rash of orchidaceous prose full of delirious purple patches. He disdained calling simple things by their familiar names. Hat, street and policeman always figured as *chapeau*, *faubourg* and *gendarme*.

He loved to embroider his prose with heavy Gothic ornament; thus anything on wheels became a herdic; a driver of any kind of vehicle was always a jehu; and a serving dish was called a firkin. Further to preserve the Victorian spirit, he peppered his columns with "zounds" and "egad." Altogether Beebe baked a literary mince pie new to a long-suffering public.

Having emerged as the prophet of Café Society, Beebe decided to wean the suburbanite peasantry away from their heathen ways. Accordingly, he presented them with weekly small doses of esoteric information. He slipped into the role of a patient pedagogue easily, although he realized his job was tough. First he instructed them about El Morocco, then Café Society's nightly shrine, and Carino, its headwaiter. Listen to lesson number one.

Fortunes and professional careers have been made by sitting at the right table at the Morocco, believe it or not, and people have been known to leave town because Carino has said that he was sorry but all the tables were taken. . . . The café set of Manhattan firmly believes that if a given celebrity fails to show up at Morocco three or four times a week, he is dead.

He warned his readers about sartorial gaucheries, too, so that today a Beebe command on male fashion carries the emotional overtones and

stern authority of a papal bull. His fashion lessons are simple, but to the point:

This department is willing to wager that the youth who appeared at the Stork Club last week won't do so again with his white evening waistcoat showing a good three inches under the lapels of his tail coat. Sigourney and Molly Thayer, Lady Suzanne Wilkins and George Lowther were sitting along the wall table, and every time the sartorial outrage passed on the way to the dance floor they all averted their eyes and clapped loudly, an interruption which called the attention of the entire room to the poor wretch. After about four such salutations, it dawned on the youth that he was the object of the jape. He burst into tears, snatched up his girl, and went away from there into the night. . . .

Beebe, who once spent \$3000 on a banquet for a bridegroom, has a terrific reputation also as a gourmet and snarls at citizens with low tastes in food and drink. For example:

Perhaps the most outstanding calamity of changing times and drinking customs of recent years has been the one-time favorite beverage of affluent gourmets, the champagne cocktail. There was a time when it was seldom served outside fine clubs and hotels and in distinguished restaurants of the city. It cost \$2.50, the price of a pint of imported wine, and was carefully compounded. . . . Today there is hardly a soda fountain or lunch bar that doesn't advertise "champagne cocktails" for sixty cents.

His column is also studded with

juicy tidbits of gossip which he jealously guards since he plucks them from his wide circle of friends in the frenzied Café Society set.

Stanley Sackett pays \$7.50 a pair for his French lisle socks. . . . Doris Duke has nine Rolls-Royces. . . . Ona Munson's drawing-room is quite littered with pianos. . . . Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt's butler is reported to have been dismissed for saying, "O.K. Madam." . . . M. André Simon of the Wine & Food Society ordered a bowl of spring flowers removed because it infringed on the bouquet of the Chateau Latour '20. . . . Jock McLean affects a mammy's red bandanna with his dinner dress and wears it trailing from his left jacket pocket. . . .

Frankly, this is Beebe when his prose and personality items noticeably resemble Winchell's. But you must not be so gauche as to confuse these two celebrated critics. Café Society circles will tell you that Beebe writes only about absolutely first-class people while Winchell writes about *everybody*. To a profound Café Society thinker there is a whale of a difference.

Beebe loves jewelry. He dotes on the heavy red-gold kinds which he considers insignia of respectability, and wears a huge bit-linked chain, the sort sported by railroad conductors and bankers in the gay 'nineties. A few of his choicer jewelry scoops follow:

A Fifth Avenue jeweler noted for his whimsy stocks gold ear clips to pin a spaniel's ears over his head and out of his way when he is inhaling his soup. . . . Best sellers: a rabbit's foot so high-toned it's practically socially registered mounted with platinum for twenty foolish dollars. . . . Bobby Bruce is soliciting orders for pocket watches made inside of twenty dollar gold pieces . . . they stand purchasers about \$750 and are something. . . .

III

Lucius leaped into the breach as a social commentator back in those feverish days when it was still fashionable for penthouse dwellers to clutch the Kremlin credo passionately to their capacious bosoms. The Beebe of those days, lustily razzing the chinchilla-and-sable proletarians, was truly magnificent. His take-offs on diamond-studded first-night audiences at communist plays won him readers among the saner left intelligentsia, though they could scarcely approve his social philosophy, evidenced in such gems of sociology as this:

The serious thinkers may sneer, but this department still believes, and increasingly, that the trivia of life may be the solution of all the ills of a fretful and feverish world. . . . As with the depression, folk may well grow out of other sorts of bad times, simply by being bored to death with them. . . . The universal answer to serious thinkers, prophets of mutation, and other sourpuss practitioners is, in a word, Nuts. . . .

In his own trade, the American Newspaper Guild won his special brand of hatred, not only because it was infested with communists but because he frowns on organized labor generally. "The Guild," he wrote, "is of course nothing but a racket of the most patent order, and why newspaper writers would want to associate themselves with anything so shabby, degraded and spurious I'm damned if I know."

The least that can be said for Lucius Beebe, therefore, is that his opinions are all pretty consistent. He expresses them vocally in a kind of fashionable pig-Latin composed of equal parts of sophisticated slang and the ornate prose of his column. In only one respect does he deviate from the norm of Café Society, and that is in the nature of his private life. My Day, as lived by Lucius, is marked by monastic simplicity and bears almost no resemblance to the rowdy ructions of Café Society's merry-andrews. A prophet, after all, must hold himself a bit aloof.

Beebe confesses that he arises at seven every morning! He breakfasts in his two-room suite on the socially correct East Side, hearty masculine quarters whose decorations consist largely of about a dozen pictures of men prominent in Café Society. There is a picture

of Beebe's mother and father, though, on a writing desk. In his *châlet de nécessité* he has dozens of news shots of himself under glass-topped dressing tables and also staring from frames hanging on the wall. Beebe arrives at the *Herald Tribune* by eight-thirty and labors there till a quarter to one. He lunches usually at Jack & Charlie's but sometimes with the proper fellow-reporters across the street at Bleek's Artists & Writers Restaurant, a noisy hangout of newspapermen. In the afternoon he goes to the Hotel Biltmore Turkish Baths for a good steaming and a brisk rub-down, but he disdains anything so enervating as personal physical exercise. Then he cabs home and indulges himself in a brief nap, arising in time to commence on his social calendar that starts at six. It may begin with a large semi-public cocktail party or merely a quiet gathering of friends, which is followed by dinner at Jack & Charlie's or the Colony — each of these elegant oases reserves a table for him every evening. After the theatre — he attends 150 first nights per season — Lucius mooches over to El Morocco or Féfé's Monte Carlo, where he industriously gathers much of his material. By two or three in the morning, though, he is safely

tucked into bed, at an hour when most of the Café Society set are cooking up new forms of lunacy to help ward off boredom, their occupational disease. Like Thomas Edison, Beebe requires only four hours of sleep. About once every two weeks, however, Lucius has the peculiar habit of retiring at nine in the evening, when he defiantly turns off his telephone. At irregular periods he travels to the hinterland, where he exhibits his sturdy figure to fluttering club ladies and peeks into the social life indulged in by Café Society circles in Kansas City, St. Louis, Cleveland. Annually he spends a two weeks' vacation at the 140-acre ancestral Beebe farm in Wakefield, ten miles north of Boston.

A man of Beebe's exquisite talents would naturally be approached by rival publishers and by emissaries from Hollywood and the radio. He has refused a Hearst offer of \$500 a week and 50 per cent of the gross sales made to other journals to write a daily column to appear in twenty Hearst papers. He decided, he says, that such a fabulous offer would require him to water his stuff, and he didn't think that would be fair to his readers. Hollywood he has tartly called "the outhouse civilization of the world, full of preposterous mountebanks

and bores who live in the most witless and spurious manner yet devised." Radio he has dismissed with the stinging comment, "It is a medium debased beyond the dreams of vulgarity." But he eventually succumbed to the blandishments of radio and movie moguls. Radio played him a dirty trick, for his normally hollow-sounding voice came whirling over the ether waves with a hiss and a whistle that sounded like a pitful of mad snakes. This was caused, he insists, by the buckling of his dress shirt whenever he drew a deep breath. He sold the movies the right to use the title *Café Society* for \$500, and immediately chubby Maury Paul (Cholly Knickerbocker), Hearst's famous society columnist, threatened to sue Paramount, jealously claiming he had coined the phrase back in 1919. The suit finally wafted away into thin air.

Beebe has also appeared as an actor for a brief four minutes in the picture *Café Society*, portraying a publicity man and obligingly giving himself a few lines of dialogue that modestly included mention of his own name. Later, he inserted a half-page advertisement in a movie trade paper. On almost completely white space, centered in small type, appeared the copy: "Lucius Beebe in *Café Society*."

Small Parts Exquisitely Played. Every Bit a Cameo." He also served as technical advisor on the movie *Union Pacific*, principally because his hobby, and a good clean one it is too, is photographing and collecting legends of railroading, which Beebe honestly calls his "secret lunacy." Childlike, he is fascinated by the speed and excitement of trains and likes nothing better than spending a night sleeping on a train. He has written two books about railroading, lavishly illustrated with his own photographs, and he is author of *Boston and the Boston Legend*, which casually disregarded the Abolitionists and the Sacco-Vanzetti case. This caused Walter Pritchard Eaton to comment, "Mr. Beebe betrays an incomprehension of moral fervor and high humanitarian purpose hardly reassuring in an historian."

To be called the "millionaire reporter" makes Beebe wince. He points out that he manages to limp along on his yearly salary of \$7500

as a columnist; that he annually gleans another meagre \$15,000 from a trust fund and stocks and bonds; and that he earns another paltry \$5000 a year from books, lectures and magazine articles. He insists that even if he liquidated everything he owned it would come to something less than \$300,000, which is virtually poverty for a Boston Beebe like Lucius.

Such is the phenomenon that is Lucius Morris Beebe. If some of it smacks of downright exhibitionism, remember that the saga of the Prophet of Café Society must necessarily seem, to saner citizens, a trifle on the giddy side. World capitals may be bombed, ideologies may collide, worlds may crash — none of it touches Beebe and the rowdy exquisites of the set whose antics he reports. On the contrary, the background of wars, revolutions and planetary catastrophes merely spotlights them more strikingly, more fantastically, more absurdly.

A FLIGHT OF IMAGINATION

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

What would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds, neither walls, nor mountains, nor seas, could afford any security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind, and light at once with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them. (*Written in 1759*).

INTELLECTUAL FALLACIES

Note: This department will discuss erroneous ideas and opinions widely held and repeated by professional writers, educators, encyclopedists, scientists, editors, etc. Readers are invited to contribute. — ED.

I

THAT Leonardo da Vinci employed "mirror-writing" in his famous Notebooks to conceal his theories and discoveries from the Inquisition, lest he be condemned for heresy.

Comment: Although so-called "mirror-writing," i.e., writing which reads backward from right to left instead of forward from left to right, is *read* with the aid of a mirror, it is never *written* with the aid of a mirror. Every line of the more than 5000 manuscript pages of Leonardo's Notebooks is in this so-called "mirror-writing," although more than 95 per cent of it has to do with the arts of painting, sculpture, warfare, engineering and other subjects which would never have given the most bigoted of ecclesiasts a moment's pause. Moreover, (1) "mirror-writing" would flabbergast no one except a congenital idiot, simply because it is easily read with the aid of a mirror; and (2) the Inquisition was in abeyance throughout the major part of Leonardo's life, the productive part of which coincided with the reign of the Medici. It was only temporarily called again into being in 1498 by the Borgian Pope, Alexander VI, for a political, not an ecclesiastical, reason — to stop the revolt-spreading denunciations of him by Savonarola. . . . Although all popular biographies of Leonardo repeat that nonsense about the reasons for Leonardo's "mirror-writing" and although none of the sounder biographers bothers to explain it, it will be obvious to modern neurologists and psychiatrists that Leonardo, who was left-handed, was also afflicted with anagraphia, a form of irregular ocular and muscular coordination in which the victim *naturally* sees things in reverse of the normal order, and *naturally* writes backward and from right to left.

II

That the American Indians are vanishing so rapidly that they will soon be extinct.

Comment: The Indians are increasing more rapidly than any other racial group in the United States, and the full-blooded groups are increasing fastest of all. According to the census of the U. S. Commission on Indian Affairs, the

Indian population in 1900 was less than 270,000, whereas there are today 351,878 Indians, comprising 230 tribes, plus the 30,000 Indians, Eskimos and Aleuts who make up 50 per cent of the population of Alaska.

III

That Galileo, by dropping from the Leaning Tower of Pisa two iron balls of unequal weight which struck the ground at precisely the same time, upset the Aristotelian system of physics, by thus proving that contrary to Aristotle's theory, all falling bodies drop with equal velocity.

Comment: This silly legend is perpetuated in every modern encyclopedia and in every biographical sketch of Galileo. Yet it is only thirty-three years old! The legend is the invention of one R. A. Gregory in a book called *Discovery: The Spirit and Service of Science*, published in London in 1917. It was appropriated by one Francis J. Rowbotham for a book called *Story-Lives of Great Scientists*, and has since spread far and wide. There is no evidence whatever that Galileo made any such experiment, or that he ever held or demonstrated the theory. The only contemporary reference to Galileo's views of the relation of weight to velocity is in his own dialogue with Salviati, entitled *Discorsi Mathematiche intorno á Due Nuove Scienze Attenti alla Mecanica e i Movimenti Locali* (Leyden, 1638), which clearly shows that whereas Salviati believed that two balls of unequal weight would strike the ground at precisely the same time, Galileo held a distinctly contrary opinion. Moreover, in none of his extant writings does Aristotle express any convictions or opinions on the subject one way or the other. For a complete exposé of this Intellectual Fallacy see Professor Lane Cooper's masterly *Aristotle, Galileo and the Tower of Pisa*, published by Cornell University Press, 1935.

IV

That there were bad men in the old West who filed a notch in their revolver handles every time they killed a man.

Comment: This myth was no doubt invented by some dime-novel writer of the 'nineties who had never been west of Hoboken. No authentic record of anyone's ever having done this has been established, although the legend has become so widespread that you can buy in curio shops hundreds of implements alleged to be "the pistol found on Bill Dalton's body after the Coffeyville Raid," and so on, all liberally notched. Not only would a man have to be awfully short of memory not to remember how many men he had killed; but it is also a known fact that whenever a hold-up man or murderer was brought to justice, he contended that he hadn't been near the place where the shooting was done. Knowing that he was liable to arrest almost any time, even the braggingest train-and-bank robber wouldn't be so dumb as to carry a record of his killings.

— B. R.



1. *A Mortality Table* tells us how many of a group of people of any given age will live to be a year older, two years older, ten years older, etc. For example, take 1000 children, each fifteen years old...



2. *One Mortality Table* shows us that at forty, life may begin for *some*, but will have ended for 103 of the 1000...



3. *At seventy*, 462 of the 1000 remain, and 21 of those will still be alive at ninety.

What has a Mortality Table to do with the cost of Life Insurance?

AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW, a life insurance company is required by law to maintain certain reserve funds. This reserve, together with future premiums and interest earnings, is calculated to enable the company to pay all its policy obligations when they fall due.

In computing the sufficiency of the reserve, state supervisory officials and the company follow mathematical formulas which are based, in turn, upon mortality tables and interest rates.

A mortality table is simply a tabulation showing what percentage of a group of people of any given age die within a year's time. It is prepared from a knowledge of *past* death rates—but serves as a measure of *future* death rates. As it is

sometimes phrased, "We don't know who will die, but we know how many." In the United States, the laws of various states specify certain mortality tables as a minimum basis for computing the reserve. For Ordinary policies, the "American Experience" table is usually specified.

Because this particular mortality table was developed many years ago, and mortality rates have since improved, people sometimes ask:

"Wouldn't the use of a more up-to-date mortality table reduce the cost of life insurance?"

People who ask this question are usually unaware of the fact that the *cost* of mutual life insurance is *not* deter-

mined by the particular table used to compute the reserves—whether the American Experience Table or any other.

For one thing, while the companies must have sufficient reserves on the basis of the legally specified mortality table, they are not restricted as to the mortality table they use for determining premiums. Metropolitan, for example, does not compute its premiums directly on the American Experience table, but takes its own experience into account.

Furthermore, in a mutual company such as Metropolitan, the premium paid by the policyholder is fixed at an amount somewhat greater than that which the company expects will be needed to cover the cost of providing the insurance. This is done for safety—so that the company can be sure it will have sufficient funds to cover any unforeseen disbursements that may be incurred. Later the policyholder receives back, from year to year, in the form of dividends, a refund of the amounts not needed by the company.

In computing dividends, the company takes into account *recent* mortality—as well as actual interest earnings and expenses of the company. Thus the cost of life insurance is determined by what actually happens. In other words, the

mortality table used to compute the reserve has little or no effect on the cost of life insurance, since dividends reduce the policyholder's net payment to the amount required by *actual* experience.

Mortality, furthermore, is only *one* of several factors which enter into the cost of life insurance. The two other factors mentioned above—interest earnings and operating expenses—are very important. Anything affecting either of these factors also affects the cost of life insurance.

As a matter of fact, the continued decline in interest rates during recent years has substantially reduced the amount that could otherwise be returned to policyholders as dividends. Naturally, this has increased the cost of life insurance, since the savings that have been made by the improvement in other factors have been more than offset by the reduction in interest earnings.

The important thing to remember is this: Regardless of the mortality table used to establish premiums or reserves, the Metropolitan policyholder receives his life insurance at the actual cost of providing it. And that cost is based on up-to-date experience, not just with regard to mortality, but with regard to *all* the factors which affect that cost.

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This is Number 31 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD • Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



► *Though raised in America by Americans,
Foreign Minister Yosuke Matsuoka is*

JAPAN'S LEADING ANTI-AMERICAN

BY UPTON CLOSE

QUITE naturally, most of us here were overlooking what was happening in Japan. Suddenly all foreigners were ousted from mission and school positions in the Japanese empire, Rotary International's forty-seven Japanese clubs were disbanded, almost the entire Japanese foreign service was fired, and an anti-United States Pact with the Nazis and Fascists was announced. These acts were related, for they are all a part of the mind of Yosuke Matsuoka. The paradox is that this Matsuoka, who has come to command in Japan behind the front of sick, aristocratic Prince Konoye, was reared in the United States, was for years regarded by his own people as more American than Japanese, is a baptized member of a Christian church, and was one of the founders of Rotary in Asia. Paradox on the surface it is, but in a deeper sense, perfectly logical. In this lies its ominous interest to us. The resentful attitude of the half-Americanized Matsuoka and his disciples toward the white race is setting

the pace toward war in the Pacific.

We have had many sagas of the Making of an American. Here is one of the Making of an Anti-American, with whom we must reckon. We had much to do with making him — as much as Canada and England had to do with making von Ribbentrop. Perhaps we could have done better; perhaps the tragedies of hate marking the meetings of different races and nations are inevitable. In either case, let us in good time recognize the implacability of our enemy and measure his stuff.

In 1920 a naval race between Japan and America was at full speed and ugly incidents between uniformed men of the two nations were taking place in Vladivostok harbor and along the then American-guarded Russian railroad in Manchuria. Matsuoka at that time said that he considered Americans his own people and would never fight them. He was only Cabinet secretary in charge of showing us youngsters of the press around Tokyo — and a good job he did of it. How

American and not Japanese was his mind was illustrated when he one day stopped the taxi we were in, got out, and addressed a young fellow who had been pedaling after the vehicle furiously on a bicycle: "You have been assigned by the police to follow us, haven't you? Of course you have! Put up your bicycle and ride with us — it will be more convenient all around." Turning to me, he said disgustedly, "You don't mind, do you?" He was obviously a generation ahead of his superiors in international "savvy," in the knowledge of those interests and sentiments that make nations, particularly ours, click or stop them from clicking. He had something of the same instinct so superlatively possessed, up to a certain point, by a resentful young Austrian of the time, Adolf Hitler.

Matsuoka was always more comfortable standing than sitting. His classmates of the University of Oregon recall him standing, hands in pockets — but only half in, ready for lightning withdrawal — a smile as ingratiating and open as a naughty boy's on his face, but his wide shoulders slightly crouched, his body relaxed as if for a tiger spring. He made his mark in athletics, and sopped up his law course about twice as fast as professors dished it out. Everyone in the con-

servative town of Eugene called him "the little Jap," although he wasn't little. The ladies remarked — with just a faint gesture of shrinking — how sweet it was of his rather illiterate old foster-mother to take in a motherless boy of another race that way, and to devote her life to putting him through school and college.

Neither she nor Yosuke's school-mates understood the smouldering pride of the boy who claimed birth in Yamaguchi, seat of the Choshu clan of warrior aristocrats who had overthrown Japan's feudal structure at the middle of the last century, only to be themselves ruined when they couldn't keep up with the revolution they had set off. Matsuoka's grandfathers had challenged the passage of British, French and American ships through the Inland Sea and as a result had had their town destroyed by a white man's bombardment and been asked to pay for it. Some of them changed from samurai armor to khaki and became the nucleus of Japan's modern army. One, Yamagata, became that army's organizer and Japan's Bismarck — its model dare-for-big-stakes imperialist. Other clansmen put on despised business clothes and built great corporations, including Japan's largest Pacific shipping firm.

Yet others became doormen and major-domos, after the manner of decayed aristocrats. Still others crossed the seas to seek fortunes in new lands.

Among these last were Matsuoka's people. They failed, leaving a motherless small boy among a strange race in the cedar-redolent Willamette Valley. That boy went home, became secretary to the aged empire-building Yamagata, combined oriental tricks with a natural knowledge of the West, and carried forward the Divine Mission from the point at which the old Choshus laid it down. For long, Matsuoka would not admit that this involved a showdown between his ancestral and foster lands. Now he predicts it and glories in it.

II

The change came in 1932, when Matsuoka, an outsider to Japanese political and diplomatic cliques, was sent by the army to Geneva to tell the League of Nations and the white race where to "head in." He passed through the United States, put up a tombstone on his foster-mother's grave, and departed hating America most intensely of all the western nations. For an ambitious man most hates that which he foresees will most stand in his way.

Americans who wondered whence came the initiative for the suddenly announced Three Power Pact should recall that it was the American-trained Japanese, Matsuoka, who first seized the pillars of the west's temple of idealism and boldly pulled them down. They were just plaster of Paris, but it was this Japanese who dared the test. Mussolini and Hitler were to gallop over the ruins.

Matsuoka did not know what would happen to him. His country's top-hatted diplomats were scandalized; Japan's world-trading plutocrats were aghast. It looked like a political suicide. Matsuoka received assassination threats. He remained sullenly unmoved by these, but he was taken off guard when 20,000 compatriots met him at Tokyo station yelling *banzai!* and imperial messengers presented him a cask of saké and case of fish from the Divine Couple themselves. The reason why the people of Japan acclaimed his action is of prime importance to us. It was not because he destroyed the League of Nations. It was because, in defying the most powerful white nations, he expressed the resentment of his nation against its inferiority complex. He told his audience that Lord Lytton, chairman of the League of Nations Manchurian

committee, possessed "an attitude of mental superiority towards Asiatics — looking upon the Japanese in the same manner as the English do upon Indians." Of course, for the Japanese to look that way upon the Chinese, Indo-Chinese and Siamese is something else again. Japanese are taught from infancy that they are of a divine race whose ancestors descended from heaven.

Matsuoka invented the chant that Virginio Gayda has been harping: "We have never permitted ourselves to be drawn into political affairs of other continents, but the western nations have not similarly refrained. . . . Men in the League spoke of the application of sanctions bringing economic and financial pressure upon Japan, while the American Navy concentrated in Hawaii. . . . The Japanese government and people cannot be dealt with in this manner." This year, six years after that speech, Matsuoka became Minister of Foreign Affairs and also of Overseas Possessions, and told interviewers that the inclination of the United States to interfere in East Asia is the greatest menace and should be combatted, and that his motto would be: "Action before words." We are now seeing the action.

In Europe, Matsuoka had met

Germans and Italians and some Frenchmen who saw the facts of life in a clear, hard light. He came back with the shibboleth that there are two kinds of nations in the world, those whom treaties are made *for* and those whom they are made *against*. "National dynamics" appealed to his modern mind much more than a mystic Oriental "Divine Mission," but he mixed the two for his public, asserting:

Japan, too, has got something restless inside. But Japan can extricate herself with greater promptness than the western countries, for she has a spiritual civilization of her own which is great enough to correct our mistaken imitations of western civilization. Our forefathers' motto was: "The Japanese spirit with Chinese culture." This has become "The Japanese spirit with western technic and science." In politics, diplomacy and education, Japan has gone a little too far in imitation of the west. But the traditional spirit has been roused up. That spirit is peculiarly aggressive and creative. Western history is the history of individualism, while Japanese history is a history of totalitarianism.

Matsuoka grew up among the representative institutions of American democracy. His practical Oriental mind considered them to be all right as long as they worked, but they were not sacred to him. Back in Japan, he resented the blind worship given them by politicians who understood them not at all. On his return from Geneva he

came out slam-bang for abolition of parliament — of which he was a member — and staged a sensational protest resignation. Parliamentary rule gave him his session's salary, which he took, for attending to vote for acceptance of his own resignation. His way was not easy. He was too abrupt — too "American," they called him! — for conventional politicians. The Foreign Office crowd over whom he had briefly lorded it, hated him. He even had to resign the sinecure, given him by the army, of imperialist railway tycoon in Manchuria. So he came up a new way; his enemies called it "the American way." He stumped Japan. In schoolhouses, bathhouses, clubhouses and temples, at Chambers of Commerce and Rotary luncheons, he told Japanese that they must put the poison of American democracy out of their systems and fend off America from interference with the spread of the Divine Mission. (He later switched to the phrase "New Order," which Goebbels has copied.) He directed motion pictures called: *Youth of Japan, Arise!* and *The Coming Crisis*.

III

Matsuoka has a weird sort of Christian hangover. At Geneva he

burst out: "So opinion is against Japan! Two thousand years ago opinion crucified Jesus!" In America, he preached, partly for the writer's benefit: "Every Japanese or American who says anything that leads America and Japan toward war commits a crime against humanity and against God!" However useful Jesus of Nazareth and God may be for oratory, Matsuoka believes their influence must be kept under curb. He had been in power only a few days when his fellow-Choshu clansman Toyohiko Kagawa, Japanese Christian saint, pacifist and social worker, to whom Matsuoka had contributed, was put under detention. The pagan military had respected Kagawa's sainthood. Not so a Christian imperialist. And Matsuoka's old friend, the statesmanlike General Yamamoto of the Salvation Army, was likewise cracked down upon, despite the fact that he had been regularly favored by subscriptions from the Imperial Household.

This boy from America who hits straight from the shoulder now has his pact with the other aggressors who set out to destroy all pacts. He still does not, at this writing, have his one-party system. He struck a snag when Prince Konoye pointed out that Nippon must continue to be ruled by the Divine Person, not

the head of a single party. Matsuoka is up against the old Japan there. He cannot do to the Son of Heaven what Mussolini did to King Victor Emanuel.

Matsuoka has his trusted ring of America-haters. Chief among them is Chuiji Ohashi, whom he boosted over the heads of Japan's trained diplomats to executive Vice-Ministership of the Foreign Office. Ohashi has the air of an oriental sage when in kimono, slams and brags and calls himself "the Japanese Teddy Roosevelt" when in coat and pants, and boasts of double-crossing decent men when in his cups. As a junior consul in Seattle in 1924, Ohashi decided to take up residence on aristocratic Queen Anne Hill. Exclusive Queen Anners thought he should stay in Jap-town. They broke his windows, threw sand in his car motor and pasted threats on his house. I got together some university campus people to demand for him the protection this nation should give official guests. He was grateful. Transferred to Los Angeles, he got the Chamber of Commerce aristocracy of that prejudiced town to eat from his hand. Next, he turned up in Manchuria, and one night there, after the seizure, he forced upon me confidences about how he had betrayed his own Foreign Office

superiors to the military. They made him Foreign Minister of Manchukuo. He wiped white business out of Manchuria. After I had published a book relating some pertinent matters, Matsuoka and he had me deported from Manchukuo by airplane.

Matsuoka's English-speaking cabal includes kinky-haired Eiji Amau, who as Foreign Office spokesman first championed Hitler, and served notice on the United States to stop lending money and selling airplanes to China. Amau was Ambassador to Italy, confidant of Count Ciano, when the Three Power Pact was signed.

The old militarists were suspicious of Japanese married to white women and even barred them from government service. Matsuoka believes the man with a white wife is peculiarly likely to insist upon asserting the dominance of the Japanese race. His Ambassador to Germany, who signed with Ciano and Ribbentrop, is Kurusu, who has a white New York wife. Another member of his "gang" is the acid-tongued Mamoru Shigemitsu, Ambassador to London.

These men imbibed American go-get-ism and with it set out to dominate Asia. We did not applaud. We hindered. Now they hate us implacably and teach hate

to their nation. Matsuoka is their *Führer*. He would make Japan hard as well as mystic. He believes in destiny but more in daring. He and his group, whom the United States can stop with concrete obstacles but not with bluff, are fired by a burning racial resentment beside which Hitler's inferiority complex is a flickering candle.

What to do? The easy temptation is to throw in with Russia to crush Japan. Yet Russia might use American "wooing" to team up with Japan at the expense of China, even as it used French and English "wooing" to team up with Ger-

many at the expense of Poland. Either course would put Pacific Asia in J. Stalin's power, hardly an enticing prospect.

Six years ago I posed this question in a book with Matsuoka as frontispiece. A smart American reviewer, Lewis Gannett, outsmarted himself. "Yellow journalism!" he sneered. He had recently been on one of those tours of friendship to Japan — sponsored by Matsuoka. I would say now: "Sit tight. Keep supplies from Matsuoka, keep the initiative with him. He, like a book reviewer, can outsmart himself."

BAT CHIMNEY

BY GLENN WARD DRESBACH

SMOKE climbs no longer here above the trees
 Caught into dusk on this deserted hill;
 No smell of wood smoke drifts, but now one sees
 Black sparks of bats swirl up in clouds, and spill
 Across the broken chimney top; they dart
 From walls befouled, from crannies they defiled —
 As other armored wings this night may start
 Above old men, the mother and the child.

There shall be many chimneys soon like this,
 Cold, broken, homes of bats, above the stare
 Of empty windows, with no emphasis
 Remaining on the dreams that once were there . . .
 Until men stumble back again some day
 And build the fires that drive the bats away.

► *For a picturesque pageant through the
decades of our history, behold the*

PARADE OF THE PEDDLERS

By DELLA T. LUTES

TIN used to be a rare metal in America. Had they realized this, Ed and Tim Patterson might never have come over from the County Tyrone. Tinsmiths by trade, they landed with their sister Anna at Boston, in 1738, and drifted down to Berlin, Connecticut, where a little manufacturing was done. But there wasn't much chance for them to work at their trade, because there was no tin except as it was imported from England. The few tin utensils and vessels in use were also imported.

The only thing the Patterson boys could do was to import their own tin, which they did. It came in sheets. While they were waiting for it the Pattersons whittled out wooden moulds: mugs and measuring cups, dippers and dishpans, graters and skimmers and colanders and milk pans. Using a wooden mallet on a granite block, they hammered and shaped their wares. When they had a stock brightly polished with ashes they slung the tinware over their backs and went out to sell it from door to door.

They were the first peddlers to raise the dust of American roads and follow Indian trails to backwoods settlements. The glittering tinware clinked and tinked musically as their brogans trod rutted earth or crude board walk. Housewives hustled to their doors to see the odd sight. They bought freely, too, for the new ware was prettier than the dull pewter they had used, and lighter than the iron.

The Pattersons sold out their stock and went back and made more. In fact, they prospered so well that competitors began importing tin and hiring young men to sell their wares. Peddlers were soon carrying tin in trunks weighing about fifty pounds when filled. A man wore two of these on a harness of webbing. As business improved they bought horses and carried the trunks as saddlebags, spreading into York Province and up to Massachusetts Bay and down through New Jersey to Pennsylvania.

For over fifty years Berlin, Connecticut, was the center of a thriving

ing tin industry. From there peddlers followed the rutted cartways that led to neighboring towns. Their tin trunks glinted in the broken sunlight along wilderness trails. The peddler traveled afoot or on horseback, in homespun breeches and woolen stockings of home-dyed blue, with his hair stuffed into an eelskin queue and a round broad-brimmed felt hat on his head. Singing, perhaps, because of the loneliness and silence, an Irish song:

'Twas at the town of nate Clagheen
That Sergeant Snap met Paddy Carey;
A cleverer boy was never seen,
Brisk as a bee, light as a fairy;
His brawny shoulders four feet square,
His cheeks like thumping red potatoes;
His legs would make a champion stare,
And Pat was loved by all the ladies.

II

America was new and raw. Along the Atlantic coast, where foreign ships came in bringing merchandise and emigrants, the cities were few and small: Boston, New York, and Philadelphia a little inland. Beyond them was a wilderness stretching almost without known limits toward a vaguely rumored distant shore. In settlements on rivers, pioneer towns nestling among wooded hills, small manufacturing enterprises such as that in Berlin, Con-

necticut, were carried on: the making of scissors, combs, buttons, thread — what people called “notions.”

The tin peddlers bought wagons and added to their stock. They became a real commercial force. So many of them hailed from New England that when they came jolting and jingling their way to the door housewives squealed, “It’s the Yankee notion peddler!” Yankees are great “swappers.” They took whatever the settler had to trade: dried fruit, herbs, pelts, rags. The women saved their scraps of paper and goods and crammed them into grain bags. The peddler paid so much a pound for them, tossed them to the top of his wagon and let the women choose their value from his stock.

Now the *plop-plop-plop* of the hooves and the rumble and clump of the wagon wheels kept time to the peddler’s song as he clattered over rocky roads in the mountains and went slump-slushing through the swales. Able to support a family on the increase of business, perhaps he sang a different song:

Judy leads me such a life,
Judy leads me such a life,
The de’il ne’er had such a wifel
What can the matter be?

Sometimes he sang for company, sometimes to keep his courage up.

He met others, on the wild, rough roads, than settlers going to mill. Where the branches scraped the wagon, coppery forms might rush him from both sides. White marauders might order him to climb down. Whistlin' through the graveyard, they called such song. Sometimes the lonely peddler never got through, and only his bones were later found.

Living or dead, the peddler got a bad name. He was a Yankee, therefore shrewd. People said he cheated, that he sold wooden nutmegs, wooden pumpkin seeds and wooden hams painted to look real. Englishmen traveling in America, who believed everything they were told, wrote home about him. The Yankee peddler, bony, lank, hawk-beaked, sharp-eyed, probably laughed in his sleeve and told worse yarns about himself than anyone else. He thrived and he served a purpose. He helped the little Connecticut manufacturers sell their goods, and he took notions and news to people living in lonely parts. For a hundred years and more he wove in and out through the wilderness, over rocky hills and through swampy dales, singing and swapping his colorful way.

In the track of the notions peddler came the clock peddler. A humorous book written about him

long ago characterized him as "Sam Slick," because, confessedly, he depended on "soft sawder" and "human natur'" to effect his sales. Sam Slick came to be synonymous with sharp practice. Sometimes his clocks "went," often they didn't. The maker would seem equally to blame, but tradition has laid the sin of crooked dealing on the shoulders of the elusive Sam Slick alone. A peddler who brazenly sold a three-dollar clock for twenty was apt to spoil trade for the next man, no matter what his wares. Nevertheless, he introduced clocks, and once people realized what a clock could do for them they kept at it until they got a good one.

The clock peddler rode his wagon while the horses forded swollen streams, keeping dry his buckled shoes and blue plush breeches. He wore a gaudy ribbon on his queue and a felt hat generously proportioned. He had an honest look and a wily tongue. "Soft sawder" came easily to him, and dames and maidens looked to the creaking of his wagon over the hill, the gleam in his keen blue eyes, his quips and badinage. He was a memorable rogue, a gay figure in the pageant of commerce in the clearing.

The essence peddler followed the commercial trail opened by tin and notions. Housewives knew him by

his tin trunk handsomely japanned and decorated in gold and black and red. Opened, it smelled of Araby: oil of cloves for toothache, anise for stomach-ache, as also peppermint; wormwood for growing pains, hair oil for the fop, and snuff for everybody. Their aroma rivalled the blossoming wild grape clinging to the tree, or the spicy sweet fern on the bank.

You could tell that the essence peddler's faith was in his wares, for his own head stank of lemon oil. He was a fancy peddler and probably wore a suit of green bedizened with brass buckles and buttons. He may not have seemed so gorgeous a figure as his horse, which he arrayed in harness plates and colored rings. But he had a favored place in the vanished pageantry of the roads for the sake of his odors.

III

In 1797 Editor Robert Thomas, who published *The Old Farmer's Almanack* in the thriving town of Sterling, Massachusetts, advertised for "chapmen" to sell the *Almanack* and other books. Peddlers in any line were sometimes called "chapmen." In particular the term meant a seller of cheap books and pamphlets, an influential figure in the peddlers' parade. Town dwellers,

rather than settlers, read books. The chapman was less familiar with the backwoods than his colleagues in notions and clocks. He loaded his saddlebags and huge coat pockets with copies of *Robinson Crusoe*, *Tom Thumb's Exhibition*, *Little King Pippin*, "garlands" of songs and ballads and the *Almanack* or one of its competitors to sell at door, on street corners, or wherever men met and he could get their ear.

One amongst the peddlers of that day stands out head and shoulders, voice and eyes above all others. A bookseller, vital, vigorous, intelligent, and one of the greatest salesmen who ever lived. Mason I. Weems was generally called "Parson Weems" because, although he ended his career as a book man, he began it as a clergyman. He was also a writer of books — when nobody else wrote such works as he wanted to sell — and originator of that cutely pious story about a boy called George Washington and the cherry tree. That little stroke of genius gave Parson Weems an endless reputation, surprising at this later date when the utter inability to tell a lie is nothing to brag about. Nevertheless Mason I. Weems can definitely be called a man who made history. A brilliant figure in the annals of his day, he heads up the booksellers' detach-

ment with a fanfare of trumpets and a flourish of coat tails such as no other peddler of his times can command.

Whether or not the Parson sang on his lonely peregrinations we are not told, but that he carried a fiddle is part of the authentic story. Its strains were heard by straggling settlers along his solitary way and came from the bowels of his wagon to cheer the evening hours. Rumor, vigilant then as now, said that he even twirled titillating tunes to entangle dancing feet. Parson Weems was not only a brilliant, sometimes noisy, always interesting character in the passing parade. He pretty clearly led it.

Following, and alongside, and widely competing with the chapman marched the colporteur. Clothe his figure in clerical black and meet the earnest and honest glance of his steadfast eye, for his was the missionary's spirit. He peddled tracts and Bibles and catechisms and little pious books to read to children. He was an emissary of the American Tract Society, and he took his humble way to the farthermost regions of settlement, leaving Christian literature in his wake and even stopping long enough to teach people to read so that they could learn the catechisms according to their duty.

He suffered every physical handicap, for it was the most isolated, poor and unenlightened whom he was commissioned to serve. He slept out as often as in. He was cold and wet and hungry, lonely and often lost in the wilderness. But his was the voice of faith and hope, carried to those who needed it most. He encouraged the desolate with prayer and song. The first intimation of his coming was usually a loud, raucous and nasal intoning of ancient praise through some old hymn to bolster up his heart. The colporteur alone, of all the passing pageant, still exists. Certain orthodox churches contribute to his maintenance. The American Tract Society still sponsors his proceedings. He has pushed beyond America's vanished frontiers to scatter the world with tracts in practically every spoken dialect.

But the tin peddler, the Yankee notions peddler, the essence peddler are all gone. The chain store and the department store have absorbed their wares now that people can go to town. Parson Weems and his colleagues led the way for the book agent, who is fast succumbing to mail order houses and the various book clubs. Other familiar figures, the vender of the Estey Organ, the lightning-rod

man, the sewing-machine man, the tombstone man and the man who sold stereoscopes have all come and departed. They faded away as highways were improved; their voices were stilled by the thunder of railroads. The growth of sophistication had its part in the passing of the old peddlers. Public taste turned from them as it did from the rolling circus with swaying elephant and rumbling yellow wheels, the medicine show and its Kickapoo Indians, and the man with the dancing bear.

The old idea of going out and hunting for business still flourishes. In country where Ed and Tim Pat-

erson staggered under their weight of tin, you can stop and cool off next summer at a white, streamlined Good Humor truck. And well-bred young men will sell you excellent brushes, vacuum cleaners and silk underwear in your own home. Their wares will probably be monotonously reliable. But they don't get the welcome the Pattersons and their glib successors did. They have the goods, but not the color. Neither the news nor the voice of Jehovah enters with them. And their conversation smacks of the copywriter and crew manager in the home office. Their "soft sawder" is as streamlined as their cars.



WOMAN AND MAN

BY PAUL ENGLE

WE do not know what plan
Our long-shared years have
taken,
Each morning yet we waken
A woman and a man.

No way our living took
Is clear enough to find,
We have not left behind
Quick hand or the loved look.

Still we face each day
Intimate and eager,
Mouth has not grown meager,
Still the tongue can say:

Let memory have such
Passionate recall
That we remember all
Worn life as warm as touch.

MY BROTHER, SIGMUND FREUD

BY ANNA FREUD BERNAYS

ON the evening of September 23, 1939, I learned from a radio news report in New York that my brother, Sigmund Freud, had died in London, an exile. He had never been seriously ill during the greater part of his long and active life, not until sixteen years ago, when he was stricken by the affliction which finally caused his death.

My memories of my brother go back to the year 1864, when he was a boy of eight. I was his junior by not quite three years, but my mother told me many stories about his earlier childhood. Sigi and I were born in Freiberg, a small town in Moravia, where our father owned a textile factory. Many decades later our birthplace was marked by the Czechoslovakian government with a memorial tablet, which has probably been removed since March 1939. When Sigi was three the family moved to Vienna and we occupied a large apartment in Glockengasse.

My mother, as was natural, hoped great things of her first-born and treasured early incidents which

gave body to her hopes. She recalled, for instance, that the four-year-old Sigmund, having spoiled a chair by spotting it with soiled hands, consoled her: "Don't worry, mother. When I grow up I shall be a great man and then I'll buy you another chair." One afternoon a total stranger, in a pastry shop, looked at the boy and exclaimed, "You're a lucky mother! Some day the whole world will talk about this little fellow." At the time she told no one of this prophecy, but she believed it in her heart, and returned to the story often in later years when its import had been fulfilled. There were other incidents and premonitions. Perhaps my mother's trust in Sigmund's future destiny played a definite part in the trend given his whole life. Though I am a Freud, I am not enough of a Freudian to analyze that trend in detail.

Our quarters on the Glockengasse seemed spacious when we first moved in, but as more and more children arrived they became too small and we moved once more.

When my parents married, my father was thirty-six, twice my mother's age. After fourteen years of marriage they had seven children, two sons and five daughters. By an earlier marriage father had two sons, but by the time that we of the second family were born, these boys were grown up and lived in Manchester, England, where father had business interests.

No matter how crowded our quarters, Sigmund always had a room to himself. There were a parlor, a dining room, three bedrooms which the rest of us shared, and a so-called "cabinet," a single room separated from the rest of the apartment. This cabinet, long and narrow, with a window looking on the street was allotted to Sigmund. Here he lived and worked until he became an interne in the General City Hospital. All through the years of his school and university life, the only thing that changed in this room was the increasing number of crowded bookcases added to the writing desk, bed, chairs and shelf which furnished it.

Normally children in old Austria attended a primary or public school for four years, beginning at the age of six, before entering high school. But Sigmund never went to such a school. My father taught him privately until he entered high school,

where he headed his class through all the eight years' course. He did his lessons in his cabinet, going there, alone or with his friends, immediately after school hours. During his 'teens he did not join us at our evening meals, but took them alone in the room where he pored endlessly over his books. Indeed, his friends were not play-but study-mates. There were no such things as "sports" then, either in or out of school. Sigmund, however, was an enthusiastic walker and nature lover, and would roam the forest and woods near Vienna with his friends, bringing back rare plant and flower specimens.

The household became familiar with the fact that Sigi constantly won prizes for excellent school work. When he was eleven, at the close of his first year in high school, he was awarded a famous *History of Animal Life*. I still remember how Sigmund bowed modestly while the book was handed to him by the principal. It may well be that the gift of this book had its part in arousing his interest in natural science.

Our father was a truly liberal man, so much so that the democratic ideas absorbed by his children were far removed from the more conventional opinions of our relatives. Consequently, we saw

very little of them. At that period, about the middle of the last century, the father was all-powerful in a European family and everyone obeyed him unquestioningly. With us, however, a much more modern spirit prevailed. My father, a self-taught scholar, was really brilliant. He would discuss with us children, especially Sigmund, all manner of questions and problems. We called these sessions "the family council." When the youngest son was born, father took Sigmund aside to consult him on the name to be given to the boy. I remember how Sigmund enthusiastically chose Alexander, basing his selection on Alexander's generosity and prowess as a general, and how he recited the whole story of the Macedonian's triumph in support of his choice. His choice of name was accepted.

II

In spite of his youth, Sigmund's word and wish were respected by everyone in the family. When I was eight years old, my mother, who was very musical, wanted me to study the piano, and I began practising by the hour. Though Sigmund's room was not near the piano, the sound disturbed him. He appealed to my mother to remove the piano if she did not wish

him to leave the house altogether. The piano disappeared and with it all opportunities for his sisters to become musicians. Nor did any of my brother's children ever receive musical instruction where he would have to hear it. This wish for peace and quiet while he was working dominated his whole life, though he was not spoiled or demanding in other respects, being content with the simplest of clothing, food and entertainment.

Not only did he read a great deal himself, but he exercised definite control over my reading. If I had a book that seemed to him improper for a girl of my age, he would say, "Anna, it is too early to read that book now." When I was fifteen, I remember, he felt that I should not read Balzac and Dumas. I read them, of course, notwithstanding, hiding the forbidden volumes among the linens. On the other hand, he was generously helpful in connection with our lessons. The wish to come to the aid of others, strongly implanted in Sigmund's character, later induced him to drop his original intention to devote himself to natural science. Though he could not bear the sight of blood, he overcame this aversion and entered the field of medicine.

In 1866, when my brother was ten years old, there was war be-

tween Prussia and Austria. At the North Station in Vienna long trains arrived bringing wounded soldiers to the city hospitals and my father would go there, taking Sigmund with him, to see them taken from the trains to hay-filled carts which bore them to the hospitals. Sigi was greatly impressed by the plight of the wounded. He begged my mother to let him have all her old linen so that from it he could make "Charpie," which was then used instead of medicated cotton. We girls made "Charpie" in our schools and Sigmund begged his teachers to organize "Charpie" groups in his boys' high school as well.

When Sigi was twelve my father commissioned a painter to do a portrait of the seven children. The painter came to our house and arranged a group in the parlor, with Sigmund, the eldest, at the head and two-year-old Alexander at the foot, between them the five little girls, all ages and sizes. I can image that he had no little trouble keeping such a diversified group quiet and interested. Sigmund, I recall vividly, started conversations on art with the painter. One day he said to the man, "Art and Nature go together; painting and music show the thoughts and emotions of human beings. If a man loves too much, it is a poem, and if he mourns

too much it is a tragedy." When the art work was finished, my father examined the canvas carefully and discovered that there were only thirteen, instead of fourteen, feet for the seven of us. In the interests of realism that leg was added somewhere, almost at random. The masterpiece is still extant in some Vienna storehouse, with the household goods of my younger brother, now released by the Nazis.

During the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, the fourteen-year-old Sigmund had a large map on his writing desk and followed the campaigns by means of small flags. While he did this, he lectured to me and to my sister Rose about the war in general and the importance of the various moves of the combatants. I remember how affected I was by the news of Louis Napoleon's imprisonment and my wild fit of tears on hearing of it, while Sigmund explained to us the meaning of the Paris Commune.

Another episode that remains clear in memory is our visit to the American Pavilion at the Vienna World's Fair in 1873. I was especially impressed by a model of an American school, with a separate desk for every pupil, instead of the long benches in front of long desks in our Austrian classrooms. Sigmund, however, was fascinated by

an exhibit of President Lincoln's letters in facsimile, and the Gettysburg Address. We were living in a country with few liberties or free ideas, and these documents, as well as the American Constitution, naturally stirred the imagination of a boy from a liberal household. Sigmund already read and spoke English at the time, having learned it partly in school and partly through correspondence with his Manchester half-brothers. He obtained copies of those American documents and soon knew them all by heart. I remember him declaiming and explaining the Gettysburg Address to his sisters.

Sigmund knew a great deal about America and its culture. He was particularly enamored of Mark Twain, whose books he read as they came out. Naturally he kept abreast of all our native literature. He well appreciated also the humor and gaiety of Viennese folk-songs, and he would hum them while working though he could not keep a tune.

A by-product of the Fair was the modernization of our dining room light; the old stationary oil lamp gave way to a petroleum lamp that could be raised and lowered on chains above the table — a great luxury and one of the first lamps of its kind in Vienna. In our bedrooms we used candles, though Sig-

mund had an oil lamp. We had many rooms and were fairly prosperous, but there was no bathroom or even bathtub in our home. Once a fortnight, when we were small, a great wooden tub, with several kegs of hot and cold water, was brought into the house by a pair of strong carriers from a public bathing establishment. All this was put into the kitchen on the stone flags, and we were put into the tub, after being well soaped, one after the other. The next day the men returned and took the tub and kegs away again. As we grew older, however, our mother took us into a bathing house, of which there were several in Vienna, and to our great pride would hire a cabin with two tubs and an extra stove in the corner. While we scrubbed and bathed, the little stove roared and the apples we had brought along roasted and spluttered on its top.

III

At eighteen, Sigi passed all his examinations at the Gymnasium *summa cum laude*. Successful graduates were usually given a treat by their families before entering the university or business, and my father sent Sigmund to Manchester to visit our two half-brothers. During his stay, the elder, Emanuel,

wrote enthusiastic letters about him in a funny mixture of English and German which delighted us sisters at the family council.

You have given us great pleasure by sending us Sigmund. He is a splendid specimen of a fine human being, and if I had the pen of a Dickens, I could well make a hero of him. . . . All your descriptions of him have been worthless; only now, since he is with us, do we see him as he really is.

It was in England that Sigmund resolved to study medicine on his return to Vienna, and so informed my father. Not satisfied with this decision, father stated his objections, claiming that Sigmund was much too soft-hearted for the task. But Sigmund's mind was made up, though at first he planned to do only research. "I want to help people who suffer," was his reply. He won the day and registered as a student at the University of Vienna in the Faculty of Medicine.

In the spring of 1878, my brother was given a fellowship by the University which enabled him to go to Trieste during the summer vacation to continue his studies at the Biological Institute. Trieste, the only harbor of the former Austrian Empire, had a research station noted for its collection of marine plant and animal life. Sigmund, who had been interested in biological research since childhood,

buried himself in biological studies all that summer. It seemed almost as though he would decide to remain in this theoretical field of natural science. But when he returned to Vienna and received his degree of Doctor of Medicine, he became an interne at the Vienna General Hospital, attached to the staff of Professor Ernst Bruecke. From that time on he did not leave the field of applied medicine.

He now lived at the hospital and returned to us only on week ends, staying in his little hall-room. Many of his friends came to see him there. One would have imagined that the presence in the house of five young women would have had some attraction for these young men, but they seemed less interested in entertainment than in scientific discussion with our learned brother, and disappeared into his room with scarcely a glance for any of us! We were too shy and diffident to break through their reserve. Many of these young men became famous in later years in the fields of medicine, pure science and law. Among them was Dr. Breuer, with whom my brother published his first book and whose studies of a case of hysteria first gave impetus to Sigmund's growing distrust of the methods then used to cure mental ailments.

Compulsory military service forced my brother to interrupt his work at the hospital in 1879 to spend one year as a so-called "volunteer"—the name given to educated young men whose military rank was between that of a non-commissioned and a commissioned officer. There was little of the voluntary in this service as far as Sigmund was concerned; he was genuinely happy to return to his hospital work.

During the winter of 1881, both Sigmund and I became engaged; my future husband and Sigmund's bride were brother and sister—Ely and Martha Bernays. We planned a double celebration of our unions in my parents' home. A few weeks before this took place, on December 8, 1881, a terrible catastrophe shook the hearts of the Viennese. That evening we two engaged couples had tickets for the performance of *The Tales of Hoffman* at the State Theatre; but we had accepted another invitation. Returning late at night from our party, we saw a red glare lighting up the sky and heard that the theatre had been in flames all evening. Hurrying towards the site, we joined the thousands of people standing on the Ring watching the flaming theatre. Finally the roof fell in with a crash. Though we

were told at first that all the audience had been saved, the truth came out on the following day. More than 600 people had lost their lives in the overcrowded theatre, and there was great mourning throughout the city. From all over the world came money and gifts for the survivors. Public funds were set aside for relief work headed by Emperor Franz Joseph himself. He decided that a large apartment house, the "House of Atonement," should be built on the site of the fire, the revenues to be used for the needy.

Five years passed. During this time Sigmund went to Paris to do research work under the great Charcot, and I married. My brother married in 1886, after his return from France. It was hard to get tenants for the apartment house where so many people had lost their lives. My brother, far from sharing the general superstition, did not hesitate to establish himself there with his young wife, and his example quickly encouraged others. When Sigmund's eldest child was born there in 1887, the Emperor honored this first-born of the *Suehnhäus* by presenting him a handsome vase from the Royal Porcelain Workshops.

My brother's life as a private individual soon passed into another

phase, that of the founder of the new psychoanalytical theory of mental life which was to place him among the immortals of science. The child of the *Suehnhaus* was followed by five others, three sons and two more daughters, of whom all are alive except one young daughter who succumbed in the influenza epidemic following the World War. Though I came to America with my family in 1892, I have seen and visited my brother often during these long years. The last memento that I have of him is a letter, dated May 14, 1939, from his English home in reply to my greetings on his eighty-third birthday:

My dear Sister:

By mutual consent we have ceased to send one another birthday wishes, since we have come to know that to grow old is not unmixed with happiness, but rather a part of the fate which must be borne with patience like everything else life brings.

Yet I am glad to know that you like

your task of being a great-grandmother, and I hope that you will live to have much happiness through your children and their children. As ever,

Your faithful

Sigmund.

The deep feeling shown in this letter is understandable in the light of the fate which sent him into exile at an advanced age. His happiness would have been far greater if he had come to America as I did half a century ago. Here in my adopted, beloved fatherland, I have lived and brought up my children — four daughters and one son, Edward L. Bernays. My brother, too, would have seen his descendants, as I see my children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren, build up free and happy lives. America saw my brother's greatness, while Europe's politics have blinded it. His discoveries owe a debt to America, one that my descendants will help to repay.

SUNSET: MARSH COUNTRY

By DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

OVER the marsh the wild birds go:
 White herons, blue mallards, the dark jackdaws.
 Along the west the sun burns low;
 The tide of gold withdraws
 Beneath the grasses, shadow-stirred.
 Slow fireflies light.
 Now silence, like a stricken bird,
 Falls through the night.

NOW IN OUR TIME

BY DAVID MORTON

I

Pieties

THE flickering lights men live by in the dark:
Pity and love and learning hardly won,
And holy memory pious to remark
Where deeds of thought and deeds of soul were done —
These all are guttering in an evil wind
And the old darkness takes the world again,
The black wing swoops to cancel and rescind
All we have wrought, and we are stricken men.

This thing has happened to our race before:
The dark, the wind, the dire smoke in the eyes,
The sweet names drowned along the bitter roar —
And we were saved from those disastrous skies
How but by hands cupped round the assaulted flames,
And lips that moved to form the saving names. . . .?

II

In The Templed Breast

AMBIGUOUS omens throng the angry sky,
And this is midnight in the man's career,
And this the country where the springs are dry
And all his passion gathers to a fear. . . .
The dawn, most gracious when the gods were near,
Wore on to noon, but heaven was too high,
Too filled with many voices, and none clear —
And this is midnight and the gods gone by.

The man is naked, now, as when he came,
And so alone in darkness east and west,
There are no longer names for him to name,
Save those inviolate ones of his own breast,
Presiding still, when all the gods are gone,
Enthroned within him and decreeing dawn.

(These poems are dedicated to Harry de F. Smith.—D. M.)

THE REVOLT OF THE GHOSTS

BY EUGENE LYONS

THE catastrophe did not make itself felt at once. It seemed, rather, a creeping paralysis that crippled first one organ of the body social, then another. Strange silences began to blot out the chatter of the radio stations. A leprosy of blank space broke out in newspapers and magazines. The most garrulous of our statesmen, politicians, patriots and viewers-with-alarm were suddenly struck speechless. Mysterious hiatuses developed in every department of national affairs.

And soon all life seemed disjointed and inarticulate. The public reaction to the encroaching paralysis was also queer. In the initial days of the revolt people were more curious than depressed. You might hear someone remark casually:

"Funny, ain't it, Dr. Blah's sermons stopped in the papers?"

"That so? And my favorite news commentator, you know, that guy Bill Hall, didn't show up on the air this week."

"I'll be doggoned if it don't

begin to look like an epidemic," a third might add. "Only one of the five speakers at our monthly symposium on war and peace showed up on Wednesday!"

"Strange, neighbor, strange!"

But slowly the puzzlement turned to bewilderment, then to a species of panic. Often enough we had heard of the impending "collapse of civilization." That sort of talk was fashionable. But people had discounted the phrase for the threadbare cliché that it was. Now, suddenly, it seemed a macabre reality. Civilization did seem groggy, fever-eyed and more than a little delirious. Its accustomed voice of unction had turned to an idiot stutter, or what was worse — oppressive silence.

Then the whole country, the whole world, began to understand what had happened. The ghosts had revolted!

From dank cellars and dizzy penthouses, inglorious holes and palatial studies, the denizens of ghostland poured into the open, blinking eyes unaccustomed to

light, shrieking their protests in voices unused to anything above a whisper.

The ghosts had revolted! By hundreds and by thousands they ripped their shrouds of anonymity. They shed their humility. They kicked their typewriters into corners and rushed madly into the streets, from ghosts of highest rank even unto the lowliest ghost to a ghost's ghost. The galley slaves of intellect. The underworld of creative expression. The hobgoblins of thought and speech. The artificers of ready-made and custom-made sentiments. The skilled taxidermists of lifelike statesmen. The carvers of figureheads. The ventriloquists of patriotism, eloquence, high ideals, mock emotions. The whole universe of shadows, echoes and essences suddenly bodied forth in angry men and women, protesting, demanding and defying.

It took time before the full horror of the defiance was grasped by the people. Everyday illusions and delusions went pop! pop! pop! Inflated reputations began to explode. Stuffed shirts caved in. The ghosts were throwing the ancient burdens off their meek, rounded backs, and the clatter of falling dignities and crumbling fame was like thunder through the land.

II

The mass meeting of insurgent ghosts at Madison Square Garden is vivid in my memory despite the years that have passed. Banners, floats, speeches and excitement, the awareness of similar gatherings in every center of the nation — and permeating it all, the feeling of an entire civilization teetering on the brink.

As I entered the hall, a shrill voice was sprinkling words through clusters of loud-speakers overhead and the close-packed ghosts were stirred to applause by his haranguing. The speaker was a diminutive, bald-headed, spectacled man in baggy clothes, his physical insignificance underlined by the floodlights in which he seemed to swim. His words sounded to me like wild insanities, though in the following months such statements and claims became commonplace and generally accepted.

"The public," the little man was shouting, "our dear beloved public, thought they were voting for Thomas T. Tinhorn last November when they elected him President of the United States. It's about time they knew the truth. We're finished with hypocrisy, hokum and legerdemain! I proclaim it here before the sovereign voters of

our great country who are listening in on the radio. I proclaim it before you, my embattled fellow-ghosts. I proclaim it before the world and before history!

"It was not Thomas T. Tinhorn the voters chose as President. It was me, me, me — Lucius Z. Pinwinkle they elected! Those were *my* speeches the President recited, *my* sentiments, *my* slogans. By every right Lucius Z. Pinwinkle and his staff of subcontractor ghosts" — he motioned and eight men and women took a bow — "should be chief executive of the United States."

While applause rolled through the great hall, I looked around and soon began to distinguish some of the banners and delegations. Nearby was a group whom I mistook at first glance for a galaxy of motion picture stars, but their banners set me right. I learned that they were merely Doubles and Stand-Ins for Movie Stars, Local 348 of the Ghosts' Alliance. Inscribed in huge white letters on red bunting over their heads was the legend: "We take the chances — they take the checks!"

An entire section of the vast gathering place was given over to the Celebrated Names or First Person Singular Division. Among my yellowed notes of that bizarre

meeting I still have the words I copied from a large chart, in the shape of a phonograph record, set up behind the section: *By X . . . Himself! His Own Story! By the Heavyweight Champion! How I Did It! From the Death Cell! By America's Sweetheart! By the Quintuplets Themselves!* Over, under and to either side of this list of ironical exclamations one lone word was repeated in giant letters: "YEAH?"

The central portion of the Garden, of course, was given over to the speech writers, since they were the most numerous — the proletariat of ghostdom, as it were. From the placards I judged that they were deployed on both sides of the center aisle in accordance with their specialties: after-dinner persiflage, political harangues, Rotarian routines, canned lectures, sermons by the yard, debates to measure, addresses of acceptance, funeral orations, memorial grandiloquence, captain-of-industry prophecy, stuffed-shirt noises, legislator and statesman stuff, speeches from remnants and left-overs — in short, the artisans of oratory grouped according to their particular jobs.

Another speaker had by now succeeded Mr. Pinwinkle at the microphone. Immersed in the white light, he seemed frightened and

spoke nervously. As he proceeded, however, mounting indignation erased his fears and he achieved a measure of real eloquence.

"Like all of you, fellow workers," I remember him saying, "I have written scores and hundreds of speeches for all occasions and many of them have been used over and over again for years. But this is the first time that I have delivered a speech myself. I have spoken through the mouths of governors and ward heelers, evangelists and bank presidents, big-time businessmen and national heroes, lady philanthropists and women's club secretaries. At last, at last, I speak with my own mouth!"

A sort of elation haloed his head at these words. A burst of applause and shouts of "Attaboy!" gave him a chance to wipe the perspiration under his chin.

"You will understand, I am sure, if I find myself a little tongue-tied and excited. Year after year I have listened to myself in voices ranging from tinny soprano to rumbling basso. It is like a blessed release, oh my fellow-ghosts, to hear my own voice!

"The distress of the audiences," he continued, "is as nothing compared to the torments you and I have suffered when our addresses were delivered. How often have I

squirmed in my seat while my favorite sentences were being mangled by an orator who didn't begin to understand what he was talking about. How often have I just barely saved myself from apoplexy by digging my nails into my palms when the speaker skipped entire lines of mine, even entire pages, while neither he nor his listeners were aware of it. I have bitten my lips to blood as college presidents mispronounced my choicest words and scattered their emphasis in precisely the wrong places, despite the fact that I had underlined the proper places. Only you and I know what it means to have our speeches misinterpreted. We are like composers who must hear their works played by a tyro.

"I know you are with me in the basic demand that speakers be expected to understand every word, every figure of speech in his oration!" Vociferous approval from the embattled ghosts. "We demand that penalties be fixed for speakers who repeatedly take the wrong manuscript along and make the wrong oration!" More noisy approval. "We demand that credit for the ghost writer be given by chairmen and on printed programs for all speeches!"

The next address — an earnest, emotional outburst that moved the

great gathering nearly to tears — was delivered by the well-known operator of a gag factory. He spoke feelingly for his brethren of the jokesmiths' guild, in their endless travail of humor, wringing new laughs from the most sapless material for radio comedians and screen clowns.

"Day after day and year after year," he exclaimed, "we must feed the public's appetite for laughs. The whole human race has become for us just a glum spectator daring us to find his funnybone. We wear down our minds, we fight and steal and go ga-ga to find ever more puns, more wise-cracks, more insane exaggerations. But who gets the credit for our efforts and our sacrifices? Who gets the cash for our sad and exacting labor? Some radio or movie star or columnist who couldn't invent a gag or a joke to save his life! Is that fair play? Is it democracy?"

From the Gagsters in the galleries came cries of "No, no, a thousand times no!"

Other spokesmen at the mass meeting detailed the complaints of secretaries and public relations counsel who write the business reports signed by corporation heads; of the ghosts in fiction mills; of the autobiographers of well-

heeled nonentities; of the composers of New Year's messages for public men and women; of the denizens of ghost sweatshops; of all those who write and compose and prophesy and exhort under other people's signatures. The impassioned speech of a delegate of the True Story Stooges, in particular, sticks in my mind.

"The chairman," he said, "introduced me as Lemuel G. Smith. But before you stands a man with more aliases than a Russian revolutionist ever had. Before you stands a reformed streetwalker many times over, an international crook who saw the evil of his ways, a high school girl whose fate it is to be dragged through slimy temptations by designing men at least once a month, a parson untrue to his holy trust, a murderer who tells all before he pays with his life.

"On every news-stand in the land I have bared my careers as a spy, a whore, a gigolo, a two-timing mamma, a dope fiend, a confidence man. I have been a kept woman for the confession pulps so often that I am ashamed to look my wife and kids in the face. I have been a kleptomaniac and a forger and a society dame gone wrong so repeatedly that I shrink from contact with decent folk. At this very moment my orgiastic past, illus-

trated realistically too, is for sale in the lobby. I cringed as I passed it. I have been confessing sins for a salary so long that the mere sight of a personal pronoun gives me the heebie-jeebies. The unexpected rattle of a door or window sends me scampering and I run at the sight of a policeman.

"But why say more? You all know how I feel. I hate to go off this platform, it is so good to appear in public in my true colors as a hard-working and respectable citizen without an illustrated orgy to his credit — in my own name, as Lemuel G. Smith. Be it ever so humble there is no name like your own."

From Madison Square Garden the ghosts marched in a body to City Hall under banners demanding more credit and more cash. The city fathers, haggard and unkempt as a result of the ordeal, greeted them from the steps of the building, greeted them with despairing gestures and said not a word: their ghosts, too, had revolted.

III

All of this is history now, and only a few of us eyewitnesses are still alive. I, for one, despair of the attempt to convey to a new generation the psychological terror of

those months. One must have lived through the ominous era of the Revolt of the Ghosts to appreciate the overtones of horror as the machinery of everyday life stalled and the foundations of civilization began to wobble. It is a matter of record that three-quarters of all the current magazines suspended publication for lack of material during the revolt. The Congressional Record shrank to a mere shadow of its obese self. The lecture business collapsed. The radio net-works, the vaudeville stage, journalism, the mighty flood of words, sentiments, tunes, jokes and advice sank to a mere trickle. The tabloid papers just lay down and died.

When, at last, the revolt was ended and the ghosts were back at their jobs, and the wheels of civilized existence began to turn once more, we found ourselves, it seemed, in a new world — fresher, more straightforward, less pretentious. The elaborate make-believe had been shattered forever and the terrible constrictions of routine hypocrisy were relaxed. The role of the ghosts had been a clandestine, dishonest, inhibiting force. Now it was in the open, recognized and respected and remunerated, without the need for bluff and sleight-of-hand and hoaxes.

Thus it has remained ever since. The employment of ghosts has become not merely respectable but well-nigh obligatory. A man worth his salt today has his ghost as naturally and publicly as he has his secretary. A statesman or big businessman nowadays will no more admit writing his own speeches or reports than doing his own laundry. We all remember the scandal evoked by the rumor that Senator Jippy writes his own speeches and articles. It aroused organized labor and cost him the nomination for the Presidency. The line "Words by So-and-So" is

now on every program or announcement of speeches, and the notation "Ghosted by So-and-So" appears on every article, interview, statement or other public expression. In fact, many of the more successful ghosts now hire celebrated names to sign their stuff, paying them the small percentage permitted by the Ghosts' Alliance Code.

It is not saying too much, surely, to credit the Revolt of the Ghosts with purging our modern civilization.

(This article ghosted by the Eveready Editorial Corp.)

FATHER COUGHLIN'S CATECHISM

(Excerpted from a quiz aiming at "education and increased knowledge" in Social Justice for September 23.)

What is the real purpose of England's war against Germany?

Answer: Preservation of a gold-based international money system.

How would you describe the Government of England as of July 1, 1940?

Answer: Marxian Socialist.

What is the principal reason for the continued success of Naziism in Germany? *Answer:* Its theory that every German works for the benefit of the German people as a whole.

How do modern capitalism and communism resemble each other?

Answer: Both are opposed to private ownership of property.

What prominent American has recently stood "head and shoulders" over all others for national defense and against war hysteria?

Answer: Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh.

► *A psychiatrist diagnoses this
mad world and concludes that*

INTOLERANCE IS A FORM OF INSANITY

BY LOUIS BERG, M.D.

RECENTLY a rabid street-corner preacher of race hatred in New York named Joseph McWilliams was committed to Bellevue Hospital by a magistrate for observation by psychiatrists. Bellevue adjudged him sane, but the court's instinct in the matter finds ready scientific justification. The courts, indeed, would have done well to recommend similar observation of the handful of young men, arrested earlier on information provided by the FBI, who had apparently played with grandiose schemes to annihilate persons whose blood or views they considered a "menace." To the layman the rantings of such young men may seem only additional fantasies in a time replete with the fantastic. But to the professional eye of the psychiatrist these are episodes with implications beyond the limits of jurisprudence or politics. They are to him further symptoms of the rising tide of madness beating against the dikes of sanity in a tormented and nerve-strained world.

The word "madness" is used

rhetorically by journalists and statesmen in discussing the way of the world in our generation. The psychiatrist, watching developments from his professional angle, uses the word literally. He recognizes in the behavior of groups tell-tale symptoms of mental derangement of the sort he deals with daily among his own patients in their homes, in hospitals, and occasionally in padded cells. The groups range from tiny societies of "plotters" and self-appointed "saviors" to entire national régimes and international movements. But the manifestations of their insanity, whether mild or virulent, conform to the behavior patterns known to psychiatry. The symptoms are clearly defined and may be diagnosed. The fact that the maniacal movements are shaping history makes the picture tragic, but does not affect its truth. The psychiatrist cannot help looking upon much of the news of our times as cumulative clinical evidence.

The delusions which spur on the power-politicians and their follow-

ers to acts of brutal aggression on the international scene find their parallel in the psychiatrist's office every day in pitiable deluded individuals in the various stages of *paranoia*. Suffering from a mental disease characterized by systematized delusions, the paranoiacs frequently act in accordance with their distorted logic; they commit atrocious deeds which, viewed through the rose-tinted lenses of hallucination, seem to them perfectly normal, just, and noble. Every insane asylum holds individuals who believe that they are gods or inspired masters of world destiny bent on all-important missions. They view as enemies all those who check them in their designs of violence in the interests of their work. The raucous speeches of a Hitler denouncing Germany's "persecutors" can be matched against the solemn pronouncements of the paranoiac who tells the psychiatrist that "*They* are out to get me. *They* won't let me alone. *They* are following me, waiting for their chance to kill me."

But it must be remembered that the paranoiac frequently seems normal. Aside from the fixed system of delusions which dominate his conduct, he is often fairly intact mentally and may be, in fact, actually brilliant. Sometimes the

psychiatrist who can recognize the danger latent in the paranoiac's delusions finds it impossible to prove it to his family, friends, or even a court. So, he lives at liberty, regarded as merely a harmless crank until one day the police blotter records some terrible crime for the delectation of the tabloids.

This mental disease — *paranoia* — runs a well-defined course which may be charted without difficulty in the individual as well as in the mass or nation. During the period of incubation the groundwork is laid for the systematized delusions which in the future will justify the paranoiac's anti-social conduct to himself. He will feel himself at this point slighted, discriminated against unfairly. On the international plane, we see how markedly post-war Germany fits into this pattern. The stigma of Versailles, the inflation and unemployment of that period broke the Germans' feeling of security. Hitler in his autobiography expresses his feelings at that time as follows:

That I was poor and needy seemed the least of my handicaps. What was more difficult to bear was that I was one of the nameless millions who live and die by the whim of chance, without so much as attracting the attention of their very neighbors.

It is a short step from the morbid self-analysis of the paranoiac to a

satisfactory "explanation." Why is he being persecuted? Because his persecutors are jealous of his achievements or his qualities, of course. The paranoiac may think himself the rightful claimant to a throne, a fortune or a beautiful heiress. In familiar instances the mild paranoiac will spend his life in and out of courtrooms seeking "justice" against his imaginary persecutors. In medical parlance such lunatics are known as *litigious paranoiaks*. On a national scale, paranoiac politics also have their "missions" which insidious "enemies" seek to frustrate. To the Nazi, "God has created the German nation to build the universal supremacy of the Nordic racial soul so that it shall shed light over other peoples." The communist faithful are inspired by the mission of the "world-wide establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat." And Mussolini advances the Fascist cause because it "establishes the real equality of individuals before labor and before the nation. . . ."

II

Naturally, the paranoiac regards himself as a very exceptional individual to undertake such a high and noble project. In his own eyes he may assume the guise of a prince,

a mighty general, a great artist or God Himself. He is different, unique, extraordinary. On a mass scale the same delusions prevail in totalitarian fantasy. According to the Aryan credo, as voiced by Dr. Wilhelm Stapel,

Whether we Germans are a majority or a minority, we are still Germans and superior. If in the whole of Poland there lived only two Germans they would mean more to the world than the millions of Poles, simply because they are Germans.

Stalin, addressing his supporters in solemn conclave, assures them that "We Communists are people of a special type. We are carved out of special matter." In the case of such pseudo-patriotic organizations as the Ku Klux Klan, the Christian Front, the sundry shirted vigilantes who infest the body politic in our own country, similar delusions of superiority prevail.

These individuals who grasp at a political "line" to save themselves from losing identity in a troubled world usually find an escape from the problems of the real world by submerging themselves in a devotion to an omniscient Leader. They find the answers to all their doubts in his magic and hold vicarious power in his image. The individual afflicted with this *amatory paranoia* is convinced that his love for the

Leader is understood and reciprocated. Indeed, the adoration becomes a deeply rooted personal passion. At the Writers' Congress in Russia in 1935, which was attended by such prominent authors as André Malraux, Ilya Ehrenburg and Louis Aragon, the Soviet writer Avdeyenko expressed his feelings with a nakedness significant for the clinician. "Thanks, Stalin!" he exclaimed passionately. "Thanks, for I feel well, thanks, for I am joyous, thanks for . . ."

By turning the leader into a god and then identifying oneself with the leader, the messianic delusion is completed. In Germany, the Storm Troopers' Confession of Faith conforms almost too perfectly to this psychiatric pattern:

We believe in our Leader, our body, our spirit, our possessions, our souls belong to The Leader. The Leader has come out of us. We are the One and the Supreme. He is the sum of our power and we live through him.

Official utterances acclaim Hitler as God Himself:

Two thousand years ago, the Creator revealed Himself to mankind in the person of Jesus Christ. Today God reveals Himself to the German people in the person of His Messiah Hitler.

In Italy, the staying hand of Catholicism has somewhat modified the idolatry of Il Duce. Still, in every school on the Italian peninsula

children at their midday meal repeat by rote this grace:

Duce, I thank you for what you give me to make me grow healthy and strong. O Lord God, protect the Duce that he may be long preserved to Fascist Italy.

To a large extent it may be said that the psychology of a people is reflected in the leaders they choose. In an insecure world the urge for security, the need for protection assume morbid forms in the yearning for an earthly savior. These political messiahs, reflecting abnormal demands, are rarely themselves normal men. Surely the tense figure of Adolf Hitler retiring at intervals to his eagle's nest retreat at Obersalzberg, where he hears voices and consults with astrologers, is more indicative of clinical hysteria than of political meditation. André Francois-Poncet, describing Hitler's strange perch which can be reached only by means of an elevator rising up a well of several hundred feet cut through the living rock, asks, "Is it the work of a normal spirit or that of a man tormented by the folly of grandeur, by a haunting desire for domination and solitude, or simply a prey to fear?" The psychiatrist answers that all these elements may enter into Hitler's neurotic personality. In an off-guard moment Mussolini

once defined the need for expressing his pathological ego. "Yes," he said, "I am possessed by this mania. It inflames, gnaws, and consumes me like a physical malady."

Under normal circumstances these talented neurotics might have been ignored unless they had become dangerous to the "public welfare," in which case they would have been put into asylums. But in the abnormal post-war period they became symbols of frustrated destiny for maddened populations.

The totalitarian parties addressed the "nameless millions who live and die by the whim of chance," and explained their troubles simply and forcefully. It was sufficient that the explanation served the psychological purpose of focusing the neurotic attention of the despairing masses. The Nazis told the Germans that they were defeated by a conspiracy of Jews, Marxists and Republicans. Here was something concrete, easily comprehended, and it excited belief just as a spark falling on dry powder will cause an explosion. Similarly, the delusion in Russia that encircling capitalist nations have been waiting for their chance to pounce upon the Soviet State has helped maintain the Stalin autocracy in power. The misery of the people, mass executions, and

political oppression were believed necessary, even by some intelligent Russians, to keep the capitalist enemy at bay.

Mussolini also has carefully cultivated the necessary delusion of an indomitable and solitary fascism battling the dragon of "plutocratic democracy." Japan broods about a misunderstanding Western world and cannot see how her civilizing intentions in Manchuria and China can be misconstrued. "Japan," writes Dr. Inazo Nitobe,

stands alone — a small country, face to face with China, Russia and America, three of the giants of the earth. Japan stands alone for her right to live — not for conquest, as is so often alleged, but for the preservation of that life with which God has endowed her.

The paranoiac nation, like the neurotic individual, always "stands alone" against powerful and opulent opponents.

III

It is during this persecutory phase that the paranoiac individual or group may become dangerous. Believing himself to be in danger, the paranoiac reacts by attacking his imaginary enemies. Egged on by their "voices," paranoiacs have attacked and killed members of their families, friends, acquaint-

ances, public officials and rulers of States. Nations suffering from the persecutory delusions of paranoia respond characteristically by aggression. Hitler conquering Poland and Stalin battering the Mannerheim Line in Finland are both "protecting" themselves. The frenzied lynch mobs and "anti" organizations of our country similarly feel that they are acting for self-protection. Their conspiratorial "enemies" may be Negroes, Jews, Catholics, Masons or radicals. In their delusions they are prepared to believe absurd forgeries like the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" or far-fetched "plots."

Unscrupulous promoters are always on hand to capitalize the misery and mental sickness of these unfortunates. Clever politicians learn how to goad on the furious and frightened mass just as the matador learns the technique of arousing the bull to combat. As a psychiatrist I find it fascinating, from a purely clinical angle, to read occasionally the publications addressed to mass insanity, such as the Communist *Daily Worker* or the Nazi *Wekruf und Beobachter* or Father Coughlin's *Social Justice*. Intolerance is a form of insanity and demagogues are ever available to inflame that sickness to promote their own political objects.

The stress and strain of modern industrial civilization with its attendant insecurity for the individual, is driving increasing numbers of people to seek escape through abnormal outlets and dangerous delusions. Where the aggravated emotional tensions of the normal individual can be discharged by participation in the arts, poetry, music, painting, sports and intelligent social activity, the psychopath seeks release in a dream world of his own making. Frequently the pressure of a deluded crowd will drive an otherwise normal individual to accept the crowd's delusions. The neophyte who joins a totalitarian organization experimentally may soon find himself adopting its entire mental pattern.

Weeks after it had been established that Russian planes had bombed Finnish cities I spoke to an acquaintance who is a supporter of the Soviet government. His liberal skepticism had given way to an attitude of full-fledged conversion. He was convinced that the newsreels of the bombings were "faked" and that Russia had begun to fight only after the Finnish Army had invaded her territory. The fictions of the Communist political organs had become his truths, and all who questioned

them were either stupid, uninformed or malicious. Since the only criterion the paranoiac mentality possesses is the strength of its dominating delusion, it is capable of every inconsistency. In Germany, overnight, the Jewish-Bolshevik menace of Moscow disappeared and the Jewish-Capitalist menace of London and Paris took its place. All the convert need do, in the words of Mussolini, is "Believe, obey, fight!" In exchange he receives an assurance of destiny and a leadership which will take all the worries of individual decision on its broad shoulders.

The helplessness of the individual before the gripping problems of the twentieth century has led to a widespread feeling of futility. This *mal de siècle* is chiefly responsible for the breakdown in moral standards which is proceeding apace throughout the world. The nihilism of totalitarian politics, though it means war and deprivation, attracts multitudes of supporters because it systematizes the unconscious chaos of the individual into organized destruction.

Neurosis on a mass scale, however, is not exclusively a product of our times. During the plague-ridden days of the Middle Ages the population of Europe passed through an analogous period. Spontaneous

"death dances" were organized around corpses and the hysterical multitudes sought release from their fears in mass orgies. Speaking clinically, this madness may be said to have been characterized by a *manic-depressive* element with its alternate phases of mass exaltation and depression.

Victims of persecution psychosis usually succumb to mental collapse and circulatory failure as do most paranoiacs. However, there are many other types of insane patients who have an excellent chance to recover if the treatment is timely and effective. The individual must be placed in a secure, peaceful, healthful environment where elements of discord and insecurity are reduced to a minimum. Unfortunately, when insanity has developed in a people on a mass scale, therapy becomes practically impossible. The disease "must run its course." In America it is still possible to apply preventive therapy. The mental health of a nation depends primarily on reducing the strains under which the individual lives. Unemployment, the pace of modern life, the chaotic flux of social values contribute most to these strains. By solving these problems in the spirit of the clinician and social scientist we may save ourselves, at least, from the spreading world madness.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

The Truth About Foreign Correspondents

NOTHING that the dashing Joel McCrea does in the current cinemelodrama *Foreign Correspondent* is quite as heroic as what the producer of the picture, Walter Wanger, did recently. With his exciting and cockeyed version of the American reporter abroad still on display on Broadway, he had the nerve to face a roomful of veteran foreign correspondents, as guest and speaker of the Overseas Press Club. Probably he wondered whether it was a lunching or a lynching he was in for. As his chairman on the occasion we suspected that it was innocence as well as valor that sustained him — the miracle of Hollywood is that it believes its own fairy tales. Mr. Wanger took the precaution of apologizing for *Foreign Correspondent* to the assembled foreign correspondents. Any resemblance to reality, he implied, was purely coincidental. What he and director Alfred Hitchcock were after was a superthriller with a dash of political moral for America. And this they achieved in full measure.

Foreign Correspondent is breath-taking rollercoaster drama well worth the admission — the entertainment tax is no misnomer.

If we ribbed the producer it was less in noble defense of realism than in low envy of his silverscreen newspaperman. To begin with, the real article in foreign correspondents falls lamentably short of Joel McCrea in the matter of sex appeal. Even with Frazier Hunt, Vincent Sheean, Linton Wells and the writer thrown in to boost the average, a composite of actual foreign reporters remains closer to Bob Benchley than to Mr. McCrea, alas. One of the most famous of Mr. Hearst's foreign staff is a spindling, carrot-haired, bespectacled lad. Another celebrated exemplar of the profession runs to most un-Hollywoodian poundage. A recent Pulitzer prize winner is indubitably on the bald side. The one big scoop of this war — an interview with Hitler — went to an aging gentleman much the worse for wear. In short, the casting directors in life are much less finicky

than in Hollywood; and a good thing too, or few foreign correspondents could have passed.

Beyond that, how could anyone who ever worked as foreign reporter help coveting Joel McCrea's unique assignment and extraordinary technique of operation? There is not a scrap of evidence in the picture that the correspondent sent a single dispatch from Europe or that his failure to do so drew a single reproof from the home office or interfered with the continuous flow of his salary or a fabulous expense account. Nowhere is the hero annoyed by censorships, problems of filing stuff, dirty chores of ordinary routine reporting, reprimands from long-distance bosses or any other of the myriad headaches of this trade. Amazingly, too, he is never bothered by competition. Except for a British colleague who does most of the work for him, McCrea never meets or competes with another correspondent on his assignment. He is thus miraculously spared the torments of worry that someone else has already broken the story, and the fevers of haste in the unending battle for a minute's edge on the opposition. Personally, if we ever go back to covering news abroad, we shall insist on working under Messrs. Wanger and Hitchcock.

All real-life correspondents, being human, are envious of their superman colleagues of the magazines, stage and screen. The popular conception of the foreign reporter as a bowler-crowned, cane-bearing, fearless adventurer, hobnobbing with the mighty and making history while reporting it, all on an unlimited expense account and under the passionate gaze of an appropriate heroine, sheds some of its glory on every timid, underpaid, bored, myopic and baldpated slavey of the craft. You will understand, we trust forgivingly, why retired correspondents in their autobiographies sometimes borrow a few heroic trappings from their fictional prototypes. It helps to keep the illusion going. We can say, as Voltaire did of God, that if there were no such foreign correspondent as the one portrayed in the movies, we'd have to invent one. Walter Wanger and his associates did.

II

But in the intimacy of these pages, protected from vulgar intrusion by our select circulation, we can tell a few truths without upsetting the popular conception.

We can reveal, for instance, that foreign correspondents gather the

news without an excessive strain on their heroism or resourcefulness. They get most of it, frequently all of it, from the local newspapers and radio broadcasts, official hand-outs, cut-and-dried press conferences, and occasional interviews with third secretaries of legation. The general notion that they mix with kings, dictators, grandduchesses, premiers, underground leaders and glamorous she-spies is slightly exaggerated. Even formal strait-jacketed interviews with the top-shelf rulers are rare achievements. Those views or conjectures credited in the dispatches to "authoritative circles" and "high quarters" come, like as not, from some grubby tipster on the payroll or from an editorial in that morning's newspaper. News sources are pretty much routinized. Important officials are inaccessible. Unimportant ones are scared to talk to foreigners, especially reporters. As a larger and larger area of the globe is blacked out by dictatorship, even contact with the local population, including his next-door neighbors, is increasingly difficult for the foreign correspondent. He is more and more dependent on government communiqués, official newspapers and hearsay for information.

A do-and-dare adventuresome police reporter like Joel McCrea in

the picture would find himself in a Gestapo or GPU or equivalent hoosegow the first time he ventured off the beaten path. Besides, his four-alarm-fire technique of news gathering and proud ignorance of world affairs would make him useless and ridiculous. We have seen police reporters of that sort trying to cover Europe and a pathetic lot they have been. Too many of the big stories of the current world are concealed in a row of statistics, announced in a revision of national ideology, hinted at between the lines of an editorial. Half-way literate reporting nowadays calls for some background of economic understanding, a working knowledge of political philosophies, some historical perspective. The men who have done the most striking jobs in foreign correspondence in recent years — men like Otto Tolischus, Leland Stowe, William Henry Chamberlin, Edgar Mowrer, Ralph Barnes, H. R. Knickerbocker, Webb Miller, Hallett Abend and so on — have done it less by risking their heads than by using their brains.

There is not much margin left for the exercise of the blood-and-thunder, swashbuckling talents of the fictional newspaperman in the foreign field. Today it is less a matter of hunting down facts — more

a matter of intelligence in understanding facts and courage in reporting them. Foreign corresponding is no longer a glamorous adventure, if it ever was, but a rather sedentary job of interpretation. True, an extraordinary period, such as the present war, yanks correspondents out of their office chairs. It exposes them to physical dangers and sometimes turns them into refugees — total war, indeed, does that to the most humdrum people caught in its ruthlessness. But even in the war there is less room for exercise of personal heroics in reporting than the average reader imagines. The correspondent must stick fairly close to the radio and telegraph terminals, the censors, the rigid official rules.

III

None of this, however, detracts anything from the significance of the job being done brilliantly and bravely by the American corps of reporters abroad. The changed character of the world they are reporting has made necessary a change in the character of the reporters themselves. A quiet, scholarly Tolischus is more useful to his readers in America in this day and age than a flamboyant Floyd Gibbons. Larry Rue's reportorial air-

plane couldn't travel very far under present conditions. The valor called for now is of an intellectual rather than a physical order. The test of effective reporting is in the correspondent's mental strength and integrity and his courage of conscience in the face of propaganda blandishments and temptations to conform and play some dictator's game; often also in the face of failure to cooperate on the part of the home editors.

On the whole, the record of American correspondents in these years has been better and bolder than the record of the newspapers and agencies which employ them. In telling the truth about dictated countries where they have been stationed, correspondents have braved not only the displeasure of their foreign hosts but too often the displeasure of their home offices. The press agencies in particular have put a premium on timid or self-seeking conformity; certainly more of their men have lost their jobs for honestly covering censored capitals than for covering up the crimes of those capitals. Partly through greed but largely through failure to understand the problems, American newspapers have allowed dog-eat-dog competition, the senseless contest for phony scoops, the pressure to keep the in-

side track on official news sources to take precedence over courageous truth-telling.

With a few notable exceptions, the American press has allowed itself to be bulldozed and hamstrung by foreign dictatorships. In this the employers are more culpable than the correspondents. By the mere process of giving or refusing visas Germany, Russia, Italy, Japan and other countries have in a sense selected the American reporters. By the threat of expulsion and the shrewd manipulation of news privileges such countries then use these newspaper guests, with the tacit approval of the American editors. It is no secret that the *New York Times* for many years tolerated a correspondent in Russia who was notoriously and shamelessly a propagandist for the Kremlin. In closing its Moscow bureau recently, the *Times* did it so timorously that the fact did not become generally known until much later. It seems to us obvious that the closing should have been made public, if only as an object lesson to American readers on the limitations of reporting from totalitarian areas.

But the *Times* has been no more complacent than the rest of our

press. They have pretty consistently "taken it" from the dictators, compromised on half-truths, appeased the censors, and — what is worst of all — kept the reading public largely in the dark on the whole problem. The press now carries the caution that war news is censored. That caution has been applicable for a great many years to all news from censored nations. But no such warning was carried and the public was not made to understand that every dispatch out of Moscow, Berlin, Rome, etc., was a formula of compromise, usually a half-truth, often a full lie.

The scope of foreign reporting is being narrowed every day, as the blight of totalitarianism spreads. The foreign correspondent is being eliminated because his trade, in the final analysis, is an aspect of that freedom of the press now everywhere being extinguished. The very difficulties and risks, however, add to the credit of men and women who carry on, somehow conveying the temper if not the minutiae of their assignments to the folks at home. There is not much of the tinsel glamor of the Hollywood version about their calling; theirs is a less showy, but authentic and enduring worth.

— E. L.



AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

THE editors of the Los Angeles *Times* venture a gentle comment on the intelligence of their readers, in a note appended to a columnist's daily squib:

Mr. Pegler is indulging in a bit of satire in the foregoing article, so please do not take it literally and rush to the telephone or seize a pen. This explanation seems necessary in light of what happened after his last bit of satire.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

COLUMNIST Harlan Miller lists the qualifications for the high functions of Senator, in introducing one to Washington *Post* readers:

One of the gallant and graceful figures on the Senate floor is Dixie's Senator Robert Reynolds. Famed is Bob Reynolds for a smooth flow of eloquence, anecdote and humor. He can hold the heads of four male constituents and the hands of four feminine constituents simultaneously, send all eight away happy. He is also the Senate's champion globe trotter, the only Senator who ever went from Alaska directly to Labrador. His guest column today is a spirited defense of Senators.

ILLINOIS

DRAMA in two ads in the Chicago *Tribune*:

GLADYS: Conscription passes — you lose me for a yr.; prot. to your senator now. FRED.

* * *

FRED — Are you man or mouse? A country worth living in is worth fighting for. Don't be a panty waist! GLADYS.

A NEW record for versatility in business is set by a Chicago industrialist's announcement in *Advertiser*, a mail order sheet:

ROOFING: Ten Years Guarantee. Nothing down. Four months to pay. Finest baby chicks. Also ghost advertising writing, criticism. ZILLMAN, 4446 N. Kildare Ave., Chicago.

INDIANA

ANOTHER triumph for American enterprise, this time in Indianapolis, is reported by the Associated Press:

The H. McArnold Zyxwythe in the Indianapolis telephone directory really is Robert Howard, newspaper man; Ernest McIlwain of the Social Security office; and Kermit Arnold, a publicity man. The three, DePauw University graduates, room together and chip in on the telephone bill. The "Zyxwythe" doesn't mean anything — but it gives them the last listing in the book so their friends can find their number easily.

NEW YORK

A WRITER in the *Daily Worker*, organ of the well known sportsman and pacifist Stalin, explains why he opposes universal military service in the USA:

CONSCRIPTION WOULD HIT
SPORTS A DEATH BLOW

The American sports world would be one of the first casualties of the drive to war and fascism that will come unless the passage of the Burke-Wadsworth peacetime conscription bill is stopped. Why would the Administration and Wall Street, intent on dragging an unwilling people into war, bother to break up sports life? The question answers itself. One of the aims of the government is to dislocate all normal pursuits and democratic functions. . . .

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE fundamentals of modern education in a great Southern state are frankly announced in the Edgefield *Advertiser* by a candidate for a pedagogical post:

I decided to run for County Superintendent of Education two years ago and since making that decision I have done everything in my power to prepare myself for the position. I began meeting people over the county as early as two years ago and my decision to run for the office was not a hasty emotional move. It is my desire to return to Edgefield county and do things that will be helpful to the

county, and also to carry on the name left me by my father. I am making a house-to-house campaign and I shall hope to have visited in every home in Edgefield county before the election.

TEXAS

THE passion of Corpus Christi citizens for the study of anatomy is duly chronicled by the local *Caller*:

A big time was had by approximately 300 people at the Fanny Club's third party last week-end at the Moravian Club Hall. About 25 pounds of barbecue and 125 pounds of potato salad was served to the Fannies by a committee.

Lee M. Fox was picked by the committee composed of Dick Bugg and Winters as being the biggest Fanny on the dance floor and was presented by Club President W. C. Kennedy with a size 44 pink "undies" with the words "Fanny Club" written on one side. The presentation brought down the house.

IN OTHER UTOPIAS

JAPAN

THE blessings of *ersatz* are recorded in a Tokyo dispatch to the Los Angeles *Times*:

Widespread use of staple fiber to conserve other material for war purposes served A. Tanaka in good stead when he tried to commit suicide. He told about it in a letter to a rope manufacturer: "I had only been hanging a few seconds. Everything was swirling madly. I repented, and then the rope broke — your rope. Many thanks."

(THE MERCURY will pay \$1 for items accepted for Americana. Those which are not used cannot be returned.)

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

Sermons in Nature

IN THESE ghastly times of bloody turmoil through which we are living, when the old bases on which men were able to build an ethic and a culture and a system of values are daily being shifted or undermined or swept away entirely, men everywhere are looking desperately for some kind of permanency, something that endures steadfastly and does not change, some lasting rock to which to hold in the midst of this sickening maelstrom. Men look to their old theological orthodoxies, their churches, and find them cracked and swaying. They look to old patterns of economics, and find that the patterns have blurred and dissolved and no longer hold security. They look to this or that theory of government, of social structure, and they find that in every human realm they investigate there is a howling chaos of confusion. There do not seem to be many quiet havens now, "where a few lilies blow . . . out of the swing of the sea." There do not seem to be, among the smoking ruins of man's

civilization, many steadfast and changeless things.

This is a time for remembering that deep down below the grisly moil that makes up the newspaper headlines there is one thing that does not change. It is a time for heartsick men, meshed in confusion, to call up the realization that underneath the horribly shifting pattern of surface events there does endure, unaltered and unalterable, the universe; and that they can still look to it for certain everlasting truths. The earth is still here. For thousand upon thousand years men have spilled each others' blood in wars, raised up governments and overthrown them, tricked and countertricked one another with ingenious malevolence; and it is good to remember that during all that time the sun has continued to come up daily in the east to make the earth fruitful, springs of water have continued to flow forth to minister to thirst, seeds have continued to fall and germinate and be nurtured in a pattern that never for an instant has changed or failed

. . . and that these things are still happening and man can still, if he will, look at them and learn. It is good to remember that although old faiths and churches have been corrupted or crushed, man can still peer under milkweed leaves and sniff at the wind and listen to the barking of foxes, and fashion an indestructible faith and ethic out of a humble understanding of what Sir E. R. Lankester used to call the plain and simple morality of earth. Yes, the universe is still here; the earth endures. Sagittarius still burns in the southwest autumn sky more steadfastly than any tabernacle light. The earth is eloquent still of the old simple wisdoms. It spins still steadily on its axis, sea-wet and green with growing things.

II

It is not expected of a naturalist nowadays that he should engage in homiletics. He is expected merely to chronicle the stones and the running brooks in terms of strict scientific description, and not to go peering into their implications and fashioning sermons about them. It is desirable, no doubt, that this should be so; certainly it is desirable that there should be no revival of the once popu-

lar mode which required every naturalist to mix his observations with incessant, tedious moralizings, and not to mention so much as a mouse whisker without windily meditating about the providence of God. But in terrible times such as these through which we are now living, the providence of God (or something very like it) has suddenly become a most important subject again.

A great many social philosophers who would have laughed at the thought a few years ago are suddenly saying that no amount of tinkering with economic and political structures is going to bring about any basic or lasting improvement of the lot of man unless there occurs, preparatorily and essentially, a remaking of man's morality. It is suddenly being said, by people like Waldo Frank and Lewis Mumford, that the real revolution that man has got to make is a spiritual revolution. It is being announced, almost as though it were a novel discovery, that unless man learns at last certain simple spiritual lessons, unless he becomes at last obedient to a certain elementary morality, all the scientific discoveries and new political set-ups that his ingenuity may devise are not going to make his world a pleasanter place to live in.

These things being true (as indisputably they seem to be), where are the certain, simple spiritual lessons, the certain, elementary morality, going to be learned? Where is the desperately needed ethic going to come from, and how be buttressed? Unless it is to be the kind of flabby bean-vine ethic that needs a trellis of some folk-mythos to support it, or the kind of morality that rests on arbitrary dogmas of the sort that have repeatedly collapsed in the past, it appears to a naturalist that morality and ethic and spiritual conviction must rest squarely and surely upon an awareness of the nature of the universe and the laws that control it, upon an understanding of the necessity of conforming to that "plain and simple morality of earth," upon a realization that there do run through the natural world certain patterns the flouting of which is in the profoundest possible sense immoral.

It looks as though these things have got to rest on something very like a simple, straightforward understanding of the implications of biology. Man may or may not be able to discern the lineaments of God, but he can, if he will, discern the ways and workings of the elemental earth which used to be called God's handiwork; and those ways

and workings are still as clearly eloquent of what man needs fundamentally to know for the fashioning of a faith and a morality as ever they were. They are, indeed, more clearly eloquent than ever, for there has developed a great body of scientific knowledge to confirm the ancient, simple truths and make them magnificently plain. The enduring earth is still ready to teach man, as it ever has been; man only needs, as he ever has, to learn to listen. He needs it now perhaps more desperately than ever before . . . now when by his long failure to listen, his long, proud refusal to observe that basic bedrock morality of which every star and mushroom spore and sprouting wheat-seed has been eternally eloquent, he has got himself into grave and complex trouble from which he is likely to extricate himself only by setting out as simply and humbly as a child to rediscover the old moral criteria and essential scales of value.

It seems abundantly plain that man is not going to get out of his terrible confusion by any such simple and superficial expedient as the world-wide imposition of capitalism or corporatism or any other ingenious ideology. It seems clear enough that man is going to improve his lot only by a basic moral remaking.

And it further seems plain, to a naturalist, that the stuffs of his new morality will have to be nothing less substantial than earth and sky and air and water, and a full, realistic acknowledgment of their meaning for him. Man has got to come down to simple earth-truths. He has got to realize what zoologists like Allee have clearly confirmed: that there runs through all animate nature a law of intra-species cooperation; and he has got to feel the essential immorality of violation of that law. He has got to understand what field observers like Burroughs and Sharp and Hornaday spent lifetimes verifying: that the natural world of mammals operates under ancient restrictions that limit predation to vital necessity and likewise restrict sexuality and indolence and war, and that his own behavior can run counter to these general patterns for earth-life only at his peril. He has got to recognize the truth of what the biologist, Donald Culross Peattie, has said: that "biological law lies down with him, and wakes when a child stirs in the womb; that the sap in a tree, uprushing in the spring, and the smell of the

loam where the bacteria bestir themselves in darkness, and the path of the sun in the heavens, are facts of first importance to his mental conclusions; and that a man who goes in no consciousness of them is a drifter and a dreamer, without a home or any contact with reality."

All of which may sound, perhaps, a little like a sermon. It *is* a sermon, I suppose, of sorts. It is a naturalist's way of saying that man has grown far away from his earth, his parent universe, and has walked in ways that have no natural sanction; and that he will stay lonely and peaceless and sickeningly adrift until he shall come home. It is a way of saying that the old ingredients for morality and ethics, the old as-suagements for the spirit, still endure. They are still to be looked for in an oak leaf or a beetle wing or a singing and nesting and flying of birds, and in an understanding of the implications of such things as those. It is a way of saying that man is not likely to achieve heaven until he shall first, with a kind of reverence and a willingness to learn, get humbly down to earth.



THE LIBRARY

The Tough-Muscle Boys of Literature

BY BURTON RASCOE

IN the September *Harper's Magazine*, the editor has a note saying that, following an address by Archibald MacLeish before the American Association of Adult Education in New York City — an address attacking anti-war writers — a flood of manuscripts inundated the *Harper's* offices, all on the same subject and expressing the same point of view. The editorial note continues: "None came from unknown persons. All were by writers of reputation. Such a manifestation had to be dealt with, and out of the many, we selected the lead article in this issue." This lead article was entitled, "The Inner Threat: Our Own Softness," by Roy Helton. Now, it should be pointed out that just because many writers suddenly take up an idea and rewrite it in articles, it doesn't follow that the idea has any validity. It might mean that the idea was so half-witted that anybody could express it; or it might mean that some authors, needing money

for the rent, have said to themselves: "That's the sort of tripe editors now seem to want." It doesn't necessarily mean that they have any real convictions about what they are writing.

When you examine Mr. Helton's article, you will find that not only are he and Mr. MacLeish peddling the same side of the street, but that they both have the same line of shoddy. You will also find that both their spiels have about the same intellectual context and rhetorical beauty as those advertisements in the backs of trashy magazines which offer for sale electrical belts and medicinal compounds to renew manly vigor, pep up one's interest in life and make one a knock-out with the ladies. The advertisements, or their products (even though there is something pathetic about the sort of customers they appeal to), perhaps do no harm. But I think that the quack medicines of MacLeish, Helton, *et al.*, very well may cause great

harm to our national culture, decency and common sense; for they are symptomatic of a philosophy, or, at least, a way of thinking, that seems to be unhappily becoming a vogue. It is the same philosophy, expressed with great emphasis, clarity and point, *ad nauseam*, in Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. Although Herr Hitler is no great shakes as a literary artist himself, he certainly puts it all over MacLeish in the matter of knowing just what he means and just how to say it.

Mr. MacLeish — and I take him primarily as representative of this new gleam-in-the-eye, tough-muscle, and men-and-youth-forward sort of haranguing — argues that he and other writers of his generation, including Hemingway and Dos Passos, were “defeatist”; that, having participated in the last war, they were quite wrong in describing war as other than a nice, noble and elevating experience. Herr Hitler in *Mein Kampf* says the same thing. He says, like Helton and MacLeish, that men should not be coddled; that they should be made to realize that the State is more important than any individual; that you can't have a healthy State unless you have most of the clucks drilling in barracks squads; that you must put the women back in the kitchen; and

that all this sentimental nonsense which poets and novelists write about tragedy, sorrow, aspiration, love and home has to be stopped.

Herr Hitler ordered the public burning of all “softening” books, including Eric Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front* and Ludwig Renn's *War*. Mr. MacLeish, though he is now Librarian of Congress, has not yet reached the point of power where he can order the burning of books he doesn't like; but everything he writes, lately, indicates that he would do just that if he could. And the same itch to order other writers around is pretty evident in the essay on *The Irresponsibles*¹ and in the hosannas it has evoked from the new jutting-jaw school of literature.

II

It was bad enough having MacLeish seriously referred to as a poet or playwright. It's rather appalling having him suddenly cast, or self-cast, in the role of Führer. I thought it swell when I heard that Archie was getting \$15,000 a year polishing up the gold-plated mustache cups of *Fortune* magazine; we all have to make a living in the

¹ *The Irresponsibles*, by Archibald MacLeish. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$1.00.

best way we know how. But still, I thought it queer that of the long list of editors and writers credited to *Fortune*, about the only one who seemed to be mentioned in other public prints in connection with Il Luce's journalistic empire was MacLeish; I hadn't realized then what a swell press-agent Archie has in himself and how many people he can put to work for him free.

If you think I am hard on MacLeish as a writer, read, or try to read, one of his "poems" or "dramas." This is a sample:

The gears turn: twitter: are
Still now. The sound dies.
From the east with the sun's rising
Daily are fewer whistles:
Many mornings listening
One less or two.

Even after writing stuff like that Mr. MacLeish never hesitates to hand himself all the berries. In the matter here under consideration, he has no scruples about asserting that he *himself* and Ernest Hemingway and John Dos Passos constituted the whole World War and postwar generation and warning us that these are three writers whose postwar stuff we should avoid, or else! For twenty years 130,000,000 people in this country *did* avoid reading what Archibald MacLeish wrote. In the 'twenties the authors who were most influen-

tial and popular were Booth Tarkington, Edna Ferber, Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, Fannie Hurst, Ring Lardner, H. L. Mencken, Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, Edna Millay, Vernon L. Parrington and so on. None of these was "defeatist." While these people were writing, and influencing people's minds, Archie was laboriously trying to imitate T. S. Eliot and Conrad Aiken and turning out egocentric, unreadable stuff entitled *The Hamlet of A. MacLeish* and *Nobodaddy*. Yet his whole current attack on the "soft" and squeamish war realists rests on the assumption of his own importance, now doubly weighty through a public act of contrition.

Mr. MacLeish forgets that just before we got into the last war there was a school of writing like the one he and the other tough-muscle boys are trying to drum up. It included such writers, enormously popular at the time, as Arthur Guy Empey, Coningsby Dawson, Ian Hay Beith, Sergeant York and Colonel Swinton, to name but a few once so widely known. These gallant authors (or their ghosts) wrote books which glorified war. They did it better than MacLeish can do now.

Mr. Dawson, son of a fine, conscientious, British-born Epis-

copal minister in Newark, New Jersey, wrote in *Carry On* (1917), *The Glory of the Trenches* (1918), and other repeaters along the same idea, great soul-filling junk about how extraordinarily war had regenerated him. By merely donning a uniform, he said, he had been transformed from an ineffectual novelist and a dreamy-eyed poet into a regular he-man, sufficiently acquainted with the realities of life to go about the noble business of exterminating people with a delicious, soul-redeeming feeling of spiritual exaltation. Mr. Dawson's books topped the best-seller lists for a long time. He wrote a great series of them, variations on the theme, while the going was good. The British Foreign Propaganda Ministry thought the sentiment of Mr. Dawson's books was so beautiful that they decided he wasn't needed in his beloved trenches and that it would serve the cause of righteousness best for him to keep on his uniform and face American women's clubs. He was so wonderful that Wilson declared war right away so our boys could put on uniforms too.

The real pay-off came much later — after Philip Gibbs broke down and confessed that he had been lying so much all along while he was a war correspondent that

he had been knighted (he is Sir Philip now), and that it was at last profitable and safe to write a book called *Now It Can Be Told*. The book sold to beat hell, and so Mr. Dawson also got out a volume saying he too had been wrong in his other books and that war isn't really nice the way he had said it was. He cleaned up too. That is what is known as "calling the turn"; it's being where the smart money is. And it works for those who wrote that they *didn't* like the war, just as it works for the Sir Philips and Dawsons.

There isn't anybody smarter than Archie MacLeish when it comes to knowing how to pick out and fall into a good berth, or how to jump onto band wagons. Have you forgotten, or didn't you know, that when the comrades were ruling the literary roost, Archie was chairman and chief-exhorter of the Stalin-directed Second American Writers' Congress which decided, at a big mass-meeting in New York of people who attend anything if they can get free tickets, that Archie was the literary chap who had the best ideas — next to Joe Stalin? Gospodin Stalin, according to Eugene Lyons and, now, also Louis Fischer, has exterminated a good portion of his adoring subjects to keep his job and enforce

the freedom of his own thought.

What sort of a mind is it that can yell for this Stalin in Carnegie Hall, work on *Fortune*, get its owner's picture and a two-page-spread signed advertisement in *Life* endorsing a paste-up movie, and all in the name of idealism? The answer is that it is also the sort of mind that can get its possessor into the job of Librarian of Congress; get a book published selling for a dollar which contains only about thirty pages and about 6500 words which read like this: "Against what but the Western belief in the wholeness of Western civilization was aimed the assault upon a church which was no longer in danger of any ruler and the fabrication of a paganism which needed only the blond sopranos on the ends of wires to be Wagner at his worst?"; and it is the sort of mind which can get a reputable writer, like Van Wyck Brooks to send out a form letter plugging one's books to literary critics.

Most of the letters I get from press-agents of publishing houses show a genuine sense of literary values; they are about books the press-agents personally like and want to see prosper. There is never a hint that I am morally obliged to agree with them or morally obliged to plug the books they send me.

Promotion work for MacLeish's *The Irresponsibles*, however, was something of a different order. I shan't quote the form letter from Mr. Brooks because I have a high admiration for his studies of the New England writers and I wouldn't like to have a full quotation of his letter expose him to hasty judgment. All he said, really, was that he wanted to call my attention to MacLeish's book as a book we all ought to plug. Van Wyck is so naïve about things that are going on nowadays that he probably hasn't read a newspaper since the April 6 issue of the *Boston Traveler*, 1878. The way he swallowed the Cowley-MacLeish-Browder bait of the American Writers' Congresses in the balmy days of People's Front hokum is proof enough. So, when he writes to "call attention" to this booklet of MacLeish's, he probably doesn't know that MacLeish has already seen to it that the papers and magazines have been full of it for months, with pictures and interviews.

The trouble is that Archie is going to get so much publicity about himself and this speech now issued as a book that several people, besides myself, are likely to try to read it; and that's going to be too bad for Mr. MacLeish. As long as the stuff is passed around inac-

curately by word of mouth it at least makes conversation. But if they plow through the original they will see that Archie in his newly fashionable incarnation has the same idea as Hitler but doesn't know how to express it. They will recognize the totalitarian he-man hooley which he has carried over from his brave Bolshevik incarnation and has garnished to suit more contemporary tastes. And I am afraid that is going to be the end

of the notion built up by Archie and all his "tycoons" that Archie is a poet and a thinker.

Jubal may sing of the wrath of God and of the curse of the thistle and thorn, but there are many of us who are Tubal Cains who must get ourselves pointed rods and scabble the earth for corn; and when the Jubals have sung of their hurricane-wracks, we Tubals must take their hand-flung spears and show our neighbors peace.

THE CHECK LIST

NON-FICTION

THE DREAM WE LOST, by Freda Uteley. \$2.75. *John Day*. Dr. Uteley is a British economist and journalist whose past books, on China and Japan, won her critical bouquets in America. The present book, on Russia, however, has been strangely slighted by the daily reviewers. The author turned communist under the impact of the Russian Revolution. She married a Russian and in 1930 went to live in Moscow. She was rapidly cured of her communism but remained in Russia for her husband's sake. After he was, like thousands of other innocents, duly "purged" in 1936, she went home to London. But for years she kept silent in the hope that her husband might be alive and in fear of hurting him. Finally she decided to speak out. The result is this volume, beyond doubt one of the most significant books produced by Stalin's counter-revolution. In the *Saturday Review* of

Literature, Professor Bertrand Russell writes: "Various disillusioned books have been written about Russia, but no other combines such intimate knowledge as Miss Uteley possesses with such profound sincerity and such extensive economic understanding."

Yet a month after its publication, only two New York papers have taken cognizance of *The Dream We Lost*. If this critical neglect of an anti-communist book were unusual, we could set it down to accident. But it isn't unusual. Dr. Uteley's book shares the general fate of Andrew Smith's *I Was a Soviet Worker*, Fred E. Beal's *Proletarian Journey*, Boris Souvarine's *Stalin* and other powerful indictments of the Soviet set-up. Despite the Stalin-Hitler pact and the literary crowd's revision of their noble illusions, the psychological pressures, it would seem, still operate in their minds against books exposing Russia. Certain

reviewers, after years of fellow-traveling with Stalin's agents, still can't look an anti-Stalin book straight in the face. Confronted with something like *The Dream We Lost*, they turn their eyes away self-consciously and pretend they haven't noticed.

EUROPE IN THE SPRING, by Clare Boothe. \$2.50. *Knopf*. The high-mettled writer of satirical Broadway hits like *Margin for Error* and *The Women* here reports on her visit last spring to war-torn Europe. The writing is lively and the reading hilarious. But under the deceptively light form is the solid substance of a sharp intelligence applied to the current world tragedy. The complacency and confusion and horror and spiritual paralysis which she describes are not limited to Europe. They were the prelude to a disaster which Miss Boothe hopes desperately and not too optimistically that we in America can escape. Prescribed reading for muddled "isolationists," but easy to take, even for them.

OUR FUTURE IN ASIA, by Robert Aura Smith. \$3.00. *Viking*. Anyone who wonders as he reads the headlines how serious our stake in Asia really is and what difference it would make to American living standards if we had to do without the products of French Indo-China or Malaya for a while will find this book an eye-opener. Do you know that we buy more from three colonies on the South China Sea than from all South America? Mr. Smith of the *New York Times*, whose realistic views on the Japanese question recently appeared in the *MERCURY*, has written a clear-headed and comprehensive analysis of our economic, political and military relationships with the western and southern Pacific as they concern not only the Philippines and the Netherlands Indies, but the welfare of the people of Seattle or Philadelphia. A valuable picture of the forces behind the storm clouds threatening us on the Pacific.

AUDUBON'S AMERICA, edited by Donald Culross Peattie. \$6.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. A sumptuous volume for lovers of nature,

painting, literature and America — which is to say, lovers of John James Audubon. Except for a biographical chapter and succinctly informative introductory notes by the editor, the volume is Audubon's: the cream of his writings and reproductions of his paintings.

THE GREAT HATRED, by Maurice Samuel. \$2.00. *Knopf*. Anti-Semitism is not merely another expression of race prejudice, but an obsession, a hallucination, expressing the Christian world's suppressed hatred of "Christ the Jew" — "the concealed hatred of Christ and Christianity, rising to a new and catastrophic level in the western world." This is the essential theme of Maurice Samuels' brilliant analysis. There is neither sentimentalism nor rancor in the book, and certainly no attempt to "defend" the Jews; the author writes as a psychologist, not as a political pamphleteer. The triumph of the inner forces externalized in anti-Semitism, Mr. Samuels demonstrates, would mean "an end to the Christian episode in human history."

BOOKS ALIVE, by Vincent Starrett. \$3.00. *Random House*. Mellow and diversified gossip about the human side of literary history by an expert bibliophile who goes behind the scenes and spills the beans about literary oddities and puzzles ranging all the way from Caesar's ghost-writers and Du Maurier's feud with Whistler in *Trilby* to the true authorship of "The Face on the Barroom Floor." The book is packed with anecdote, much of it little known and all entertaining. There are chapters on authors who wrote in jail, on desert-island-and-castaway literature, *romans à clef*, famous collaborations and disputed works. A volume recommended for book-lovers who would as soon be reminded of dependable old favorites as to take their chances on the current crop.

BROADWAY IN REVIEW, by John Mason Brown. \$2.75. *Norton*. A stimulating collection of essays and first-night reviews of the past two years, from Maurice Evans to Ethel Merman. Mr. Brown writes with perception and good humor from his seat on the aisle.

THE DYNAMICS OF WAR AND REVOLUTION, by Lawrence Dennis. \$3.00. *The Weekly Foreign Letter*. A brilliant, penetrating, one-sided analysis of the declining era of individualist civilization and economics. It inspires comparison with the works of John Strachey, the ablest intellectual advocate of communism, although Mr. Dennis sees ultimate salvation in a government of the elite, along a rather vaguely sketched fascist pattern, while Mr. Strachey, at least in his last major published works, is a believer in Marxist communism, as exemplified in the Soviet Union. Mr. Dennis, like Mr. Strachey, has a keen eye for the weaknesses of capitalism and there are many suggestive and challenging ideas in the book, notably the contrast between the nineteenth century as a period of opportunity and the twentieth century as a period of restriction, with all the consequent implications for the revolutions of the two eras. But Mr. Dennis, like Mr. Strachey, does not focus any critical microscope on the alternative system which he prefers. The book, while very much worth reading as it stands, would have been on much stronger ground if the author had made it simply a record of aspects of the decline of liberal civilization, without becoming an advocate of an alternative on which he has not apparently bestowed sufficient analytical thought.

HORSES I HAVE KNOWN, by Will James. \$2.50. *Scribners*. A horse isn't just a horse; he or she is just as much an individual in looks, ways, temperament and psychology as human beings are. There is no writer who knows horses better than Will James and no artist who can picture them in action better than he. Here are some tales of horses and men of the Western mountains and plains which will be enjoyed by all lovers of the out-of-doors and of the rodeo and corral.

THE TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN CAPITALISM, by Louis M. Hacker. \$3. *Simon and Schuster*. Probably will become the classic history of the economic forces which arose

out of the collapse of feudalism and the guilds. Because of the growth of mercantile outlets, new production needs had to be met by new production methods: hence "capitalism." Mr. Hacker's history ends with the close of the Rockefeller-Carnegie era. His conclusions are that not only has capitalism worked but that it will continue to work in a socially more equitable phase of its development.

FICTION

DAGO RED, by John Fante. \$2.50. *Viking*. A well-knit volume of stories of an Italian boyhood in California by a short-story writer with a reputation for veracious and sensitive fiction. The thirteen stories make an artistic whole, the picture of a childhood kept lively by family quarrels and escapades in church and scrapes with the police, a chronicle that traces lightly but surely the changing relationships between an American boy and his parents who belong more to the Old World. In one story the youth's father asks him why he writes about his family so much. "Why not?" says the son, which is a good answer if you do it as well as John Fante does.

HEAVEN'S DOORYARD, by Margaret McIntire. \$2.50. *Farrar and Rinehart*. A simple, pleasant romance of life in Maine during the 1840's. Jonathan Chadbourne buys a farm, fights a villain and wins a girl. Guaranteed not to tax your little gray cells.

BABES IN THE DARKLING WOOD, by H. G. Wells. \$2.75. *Alliance Book Corp.* Wells' *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* about this war. Called a novel by the author, it is mostly a series of unrelated discussions of ideas about literature, politics, muddling by government officials, Communism, Fascism, the future of England and the future of the world. A variety of views on these subjects are presented largely in the form of dialogue between a young man and a young woman, coached, of course, by "Uncle H. G." Entertaining and clever in spots; but Wells' reputation as a prophet has dimmed with the years.

THE OPEN FORUM

STALIN OVER PM

Sir: If your recent editorial on the new New York tabloid, *PM*, needed any further corroboration, that paper has just provided it conclusively. Its coverage of the assassination of Leon Trotsky in Mexico showed a clear and blatant pro-Stalin bias which leaves no doubt that the sheet is strongly under communist influences.

On Friday, August 23, when every other newspaper reported the Mexican police's suspicions that killer Frank Jackson was linked to the Soviet's secret police, *PM* ran a dispatch from its Mexican correspondent, Frank Jellinek, which led off as follows: "No evidence whatever given out here connects Leon Trotsky's murder with USSR's secret police, the local Communist Party or with the previous attempt on Trotsky's life. . . . Physicians here believe Trotsky could not have made the deathbed political remarks exploited at his bier. In his condition he could scarcely have muttered more than a few broken words." Jellinek, of course, was not at Trotsky's bedside. Further, in the dispatch Jellinek deliberately distorted the activity of Albert Goldman, the New Yorker whom Trotsky's American followers rushed to Mexico City when the story broke.

Mr. Jellinek has an interesting background which Mr. Ingersoll of *PM* must have known when he hired him last year as Mexican correspondent. Jellinek is English and was on intimate terms with British Communist Party leaders, which he considers an "honor." He was in Spain during the Civil War, and was one of the few correspondents to receive full cooperation of the Stalinite propaganda commissars. His books were published by the British Left Book Club, which until the early days of the war was a fellow-traveling organization. American communists

thought so well of Jellinek's *PM* dispatch that the *Daily Worker* reprinted it in the next day's edition as the only "impartial story" out of Mexico. Moreover, on September 4, the *Daily Worker* ran a story from Mexico signed "by Frank Jellinek (Federated Press)," which indicates that Ingersoll was using the same correspondent employed by the pro-Communist Federated Press. In that dispatch Jellinek again whitewashed the Mexican communists and the GPU.

On August 26, with delicate solicitude for GPU feelings, *PM* permitted its rewrite desk to edit out of a United Press story on Sylvia Ageloff's confrontation of Jackson, the phrase "you dirty agent of the GPU." Every other New York daily carried these telltale words in the story.

Handling of the Trotsky assassination adds another item to the long dossier of pro-Stalinism Mr. Ingersoll must explain sooner or later.

VICTOR RIESEL

*Managing Editor, The New Leader
New York.*

Sir: In your August issue, in an interesting article about the new newspaper, *PM*, the implication of one paragraph is that the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company is one of the backers of *PM*. This is not the case, and I am sure you will want to straighten the matter out.

G. EDWARD PENDRAY
*Assistant to President
Westinghouse Electric &
Manufacturing Company*

New York.

(Editorial Note: We implied only that one of the backers is connected with Westinghouse, which is a fact.)

SHAKESPEARE AND THE IRISH

SIR: I have read with delight T. F. Healy's article in your September issue, and aver there is very little doubt as to the Irish nationality of William Shakespeare. Who but an Irishman would express such a magnificent love for England and the English? To be sure, Shakespeare's mother is stated to have been Mary, daughter of Robert Arden, husbandman of Wilmcote, but that can be denounced as a fake — another injustice to Ireland, prenatal, it seems. Or perhaps she was one of the "hidden Irish" to whom Mr. Healy alludes so logically, and expounded to her boy the Irish triads, of whom the Three Tailors of Tooley Street is a well-known example, thus inspiring the idea of the three "wizardesses" whom the Bard mistakenly calls witches.

My encyclopedia, an American one, says Queen Mab was Queen of the Fairies "according to Shakespeare and other English poets." I almost fancied Spenser to have been Irish too, but my books of reference gainsaid me. Hamlet, of course, was Irish, and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are good Hibernian, if not Iberian names. O'Thello lacks an apostrophe, and Malvolio a brogue. What a character, Malvolio — a typical Irish butler!

How badly the commentators err when they produce documentary evidence of the origins of Shakespeare's plays! He heard of them at his mother's knee and when he got to London, embodied them in deathless poetry. Of course the theory that a great philosopher and lawyer of the time wrote Shakespeare's plays, based on no stronger reason than that Hamlet suggests a little Bacon, loses all its cogency when compared with Mr. Healy's thesis, on which I congratulate him.

GEORGE DOTTRIDGE

Toronto,
Canada.

SIR: The famous living Irish writers seem to be the victims of an epidemic, a sort of unanimous self-election as public thinkers. T. F. Healy's article, "Shakespeare Was an

Irishman," was delightfully convincing. The Irish have always been convinced by their own logic. Shakespeare's origin is hidden because it has never been revealed; who but an Irishman could occupy that position? And as for ghosts, to the Irish a ghost must be lively, otherwise it would be dead, and if dead would be no ghost at all.

An important argument connected with his early life has been overlooked: there has never been even the slightest hint that he was raised on a bottle.

KENNETH D. McQUIGG

Chicago.

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TOWARDS AMERICAN UNITY

SIR: Congratulating you and George Creel upon the publication of his brilliant and eminently justified article, "Beware the Super-patriots," in your September issue, I nevertheless protest against his assertion that the work of the Foreign Language Division of his Committee on Public Information came to an end, even "several years" after the disbanding of the Creel Committee. I can hardly believe that Mr. Creel is ignorant of the continuing splendid work of the Foreign Language Information Service, with inadequate support to be sure, but a long way short of extinction. I quote from an article by myself in the September *Survey Graphic*:

"When the war ended and the prodigious expanse of military and civilian war activities began swiftly to contract, it seemed unthinkable that this service should be abandoned. Under the urgent pleading of Miss Roche, a group of those who understood its value . . . undertook to inspire and gather support for its continuance. We were successful, and for more than twenty years . . . the Foreign Language Information Service has carried on . . . in my judgment far and away the most far-reaching and intelligent agency in the field of Americanization, in the best sense of that much-abused expression."

Now "Mr. FLIS," as the Service has come to be affectionately known by the tens of

thousands of its foreign-born friends, with intensified *élan*, undiverted purpose and unchanged technique, enters a new phase of life under the new name of "Common Council for American Unity." Its expanded purpose is "the education and assimilation of *all of us* into an America which accepts all its citizens, whatever their national or racial origins, as equal partners in American society. Whatever is done in these critical days must be done by *all of us* working together for the country that we love because it is ours; ours because we have made and must save it, if saved it may be, *together*."

JOHN PALMER GAVIT
Vice-Chairman, Common Council
for American Unity

New York.

SIR: I find that I did the Foreign Language Information Service an injustice by intimating that it was no longer in existence. Although lacking federal support for many years, the very splendid work is being carried on by volunteer subscriptions.

GEORGE CREEL

San Francisco:



THE AMERICAN FORESTS

SIR: Ralph Reed, M.D., of Cincinnati, in a letter in your September issue, brings me to make a free contribution to your esteemed publication. Not only have I, as an author, thoroughly investigated and checked the possibilities of forest camp developments in our Federal and State Forests, but the government officials in charge of the vast areas have thoroughly studied the situation and have viewed it from every angle, including that of alarm at the spectres which the good doctor paints in his letter. Be assured, the forests will NOT be spoiled. The doctor might check and discover the differences between National Parks (decorated with auto service stations, hotels and other conveniences); forests with more open spaces and few conveniences; and reserve lands — Primitive Areas — with only the fire trails and the

ranger's houses. He can also study the complex system of state and other parks and forests.

Which brings me to a blunt and point-blank denial of a statement contained in his letter as published: "Cheap and frowzy cottages of the sort Mr. Nixon would like to see spread over the whole American wilderness are erected." I have published two books and half a dozen articles on outdoor vacationing on this continent and given several hundred talks — many of them broadcast. In all I am ready to swear there is not one phrase or sentence on which anyone but my worst enemy could even try to tie such a gross failure in the art of mindreading. The Doctor certainly misquotes me.

As for his statement that "not one foot should be leased for the erection of shacks, cottages or private structures of any sort" — in this he is taking in a sizeable bit of territory. I don't know where you can lease land for a SHACK. The forest rules are mighty strict — surely the Doctor saw that in my article last July.

I think the great open spaces are wonderful — but somehow I have grown to appreciate docks for boats, stores where supplies can be purchased — and if the truth must be told — now and then a hotel or camp where I can sleep in comfort with someone else to cook my meals. Now, this may be wrong; perhaps we who love the outdoors should chop our own wood, cook our own food, and roll up in a poncho and sleep in the rain, and think that sufficient for all. But I think our Forest Service, the Parks Departments and the thousands of trained men who are making a life work of preserving American forests for American enjoyment know more about it than I do — and I'm willing to say they know more about how to get the most for the most people than even so impulsive a critic as the gentleman from the banks of the Ohio.

LARRY NIXON

New York.



OUR MAGNESIUM SUPPLY

SIR: In his useful article, "Our Economic Defense Lines," published in the September

MERCURY, Dr. Clark Foreman includes magnesium among essential materials "theoretically producible" in this country. Certainly this is a well-founded "theory," and readers interested in our national defense industries will be glad to learn that the American Magnesium Corporation now has five factories under production and turning out fabricated magnesium products. Rapidly increasing use of magnesium began here a few years ago. The American aircraft industry, learning that Germany and Britain were extensively utilizing magnesium in their planes, decided to follow suit. The U. S. Navy Department, reluctant to adopt an untried metal until research had proved its merit, has now accepted the use of magnesium in naval fighting planes to a limited degree. The U. S. Army also became interested, and we are now turning out military airplane wheels of this metal which is lighter than aluminum but its equal in strength.

Joint owner with General Aniline and Film Corporation of the American Magnesium Corporation is the Aluminum Company of America, which has naturally been interested in the commercial development of magnesium and has invested large sums in research and equipment. We operate under patents held by the Magnesium Development Corporation, formed in 1931 by the I.G. Farbenindustrie A. G. and the Aluminum Company as a magnesium patent holding company. For fabrication of magnesium Dow Chemical Company, by which our raw magnesium metal is produced, and other corporations have licenses under all patents owned by Magnesium Development Corporation. These licenses are wholly unrestricted otherwise, and a break with Germany could not deprive the nation of their use.

Until a few years ago, American metal manufacturers generally refused to accept magnesium, and it was because of this industrial indifference that the American producers and fabricators for years had greater plant capacities than the demand warranted.

JOSEPH COWAN

American Magnesium Corporation

New York.

HEARTS OF OAK

SIR: As I look back more than half a century, it seems to me that English boys instinctively learned through patriotic songs to believe that as a race, they were invincible. Of course, "Rule Britannia" was "nectar" to us as schoolboys, and we really believed "Britons never would (or could) be slaves." Then, as we grew up, we added such rousing, invigorating choruses as "Men of Harlech." Though I am an octogenarian, I do not personally remember the Napoleonic wars, with the threatened invasion of England; but I do remember the patriotic song that was still being sung — "Hearts of Oak." It keeps running through my head these weeks:

They vow they'll invade us, this terrible foe,
They frighten our women, our children, our
beaux,
But if their flat-bottomed boats should in
darkness get o'er,
True Britons they'll find
To receive them on shore.

Hearts of Oak are our ships,
Hearts of Oak have our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys — steady, boys, steady —
We'll fight, and we'll conquer — again and
again.

JAMES H. HARE

*Brooklyn,
New York.*

RAILROAD MEN

SIR: You are to be congratulated for publishing such an interesting piece of work as "Cupid Rides the Rails," by Mr. Clifford Funkhouser in your September issue. I have read a lot of Mr. Funkhouser's writing and he is indeed a fine "rail" . . . one who knows his subject thoroughly. I'm sure that every railroader who picked up the *MERCURY* felt a great deal of pleasure at finding this piece. Let's have more of him.

B. Y. MOSLER

*Oklahoma City,
Oklahoma.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS

ANNA FREUD BERNAYS, younger sister of the great psychologist, Dr. Sigmund Freud, has been an American for many years and lives in Westchester County, New York. Her son, Edward L. Bernays, is the well-known public relations specialist.

LOUIS BERG, M.D. is a psychiatrist practising in New York. He lectures extensively and is the author of *Human Personality*, *Prison Doctor*, *Nurse* and other books.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN recently returned home from France, his latest foreign assignment as *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent. He has settled in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he is doing a book on the collapse of Europe, while continuing to contribute to the *Monitor*.

UPTON CLOSE, veteran press correspondent in the Orient, represented the U. S. Government during the Japanese invasion of Shantung. He lectures extensively and is the author of many books on the Far East.

WHITFIELD COOK's short-stories and articles are well-known to MERCURY readers. He lives in Old Lyme, Connecticut.

PAUL ENGLE, author of *Break the Heart's Anger*, *American Song* and other volumes of verse, is lecturer on poetry at the University of Iowa.

FRANCES FROST, poet and novelist, has many books to her credit. She is a native Vermonter.

ROGER W. HOLMES, Associate Professor of Philosophy at Mt. Holyoke College, wrote *The Idealism of Giovanni Gentile* and *The Rhyme of Reason*. He is the son of the eminent liberal minister Dr. John Haynes Holmes.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN, the distinguished English novelist and poet, is also the author of *Victoria Regina*, the play in which Helen Hayes starred here.

DELLA T. LUTES has just published *Gabriel's Search* and is working on *The Country Schoolma'am*, about teaching in Michigan in the late 'eighties.

DAVID MORTON is a professor of English at Amherst College. His most recent book of poems is *This Is Their Acre*.

GEOFFREY PARSONS, JR., covers the Middle West as staff correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

JOHN RICHMOND, formerly on the *Literary Digest*, is contributing to many national magazines on a free-lance basis.

WILLARD K. SMITH is a former officer of the Ordnance Department, United States Army, and served with the American Peace Mission after the World War. He now edits the magazine *News and Opinion*.

ROBERT M. YODER now writes Eugene Field's old column, *Sharps and Flats*, in the Chicago *Daily News*.



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January 9th — PORTSMOUTH, VA. — PORTSMOUTH FORUM

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28 Jamaica Inn — Daphne du Maurier, author of "Rebecca." "This is a story that should keep many a reader awake all night. It is well worth the loss of sleep." — John Clair Minot, Boston Herald.

29 Class Reunion — Franz Werfel. "Werfel's name has been proposed several times for the Nobel prize. 'Class Reunion' should further that movement." — St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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